WORKS OF JAMES O'CONNOR THE DEAF POET.

WORKS

OF

JAMES O'CONNOR

THE

DEAF POET,

WITH

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR.

Good books are treasures we should have in store,
Rich is the man whose mind is rich in lore—
That gold, which glitters to allure mankind,
Gives no such lustre to the human mind.

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1879.

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By James O'Connor.

Dedication.

TO MY FAITHFUL AND DEVOTED WIFE, WHO HAS SPENT MANY WEARY HOURS IN COLLECTING AND COPYING THESE POEMS, AS WELL AS TO MY MANY GENEROUS AND SYMPATHIZING PATRONS, WHOSE LIBERALITY HAS INDUCED THEIR PUBLICATION, THESE PAGES ARE AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED BY THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

In presenting this small collection of Poems to the public, the author feels inclined to make but few apologies for the many imperfections with which they abound. No man can claim perfection for himself, nor should he expect it from others. There is none perfect. Solomon, with all his wisdom, did many foolish things; King David, a man after God's own heart, did many wicked things; and, although it is hard to understand how an All-wise Creator, perfect in wisdom and foreknowledge, could do any thing he should be sorry for, yet, in Genesis vi. 6, we read, "that it repented him that he had made man on the earth, and it grieved him at his heart."

Gleaners in the best cultivated fields of literature discover many brambles and tares. If the husbandman wishes pure wheat he must separate it from the straw and chaff with which it is connected.

A literary production may sometimes sparkle with gems of thought, but there is no sand so rich with gold but that it needs to be sifted.

If the literary assayer (the reading public), after carefully examining this rough specimen of mine, should fail to discover any real grains of gold, and should pronounce the ore worthless, then I shall be compelled to acknowledge that I have wasted much time and labor in working up an unprofitable lode, that is found to be rich only in "fool's gold" at last.

Laboring under my present physical disabilities, but few persons would be foolhardy enough to make even the slightest pretensions to authorship. My hearing began to fail me before I had acquired the first rudiments of an education, and for some time past I have been entirely deaf. The little education I have acquired, has been acquired with great difficulty, and, for that reason, the offence should be all the more pardonable, if its value should appear to be over-estimated by its possessor.

From early childhood I have had to rely on excessive manual labor as a means of support, and consequently, have had but limited opportunities for mental culture. It was not *my* fortune to be "born with a silver spoon in my mouth"; nor was I ever one of those youthful prodigies that "*lisp in numbers*"; and whether I am truly entitled to the appellation of Poet, or not, I leave for a just and discriminating public to determine. I once read a small volume of poems that had been written by Fry, and as the volume was small, the author must have been "*small fry*." But he said there

were three qualifications esential for a Poet: empty pockets, worn-out elbows, and disappointed love. To the two first qualifications I plead *guilty*. Of the third and last I am innocent.

Many of my pieces have been composed while holding the plough, or engaged in other field labor, and are the unpolished productions of one who entertains but feeble hopes of ever acquiring even the slightest celebrity in the difficult and uncertain fields of literature; and what success I shall meet with as an author, I am unable to foretell. Better and wiser men have failed, and it is possible that as great or even greater fools may have succeeded. I shall endeavor to make the best use of the few talents given me, and leave it for others to write better in proportion as God has given them the natural abilities, and fortune has favored them with greater opportunities of acquiring knowledge.

JAMES O'CONNOR.

CONTENTS.

Biographical Sketch xi

Celestial Light 1
Pakatakan 33
The Great Unseen 40
Sober Reflections—Part I 47
Sober Reflections—Part II. 57
Light and Shade 68
The Teacher's Calling 86
The Journey of Life 100
The Way of the Transgressor is Hard 103
The Dying Year 105
The Rich and Poor 107
The Mountain Oak. 110
Nature's Ramparts 112
The Dignity of Honest Labor. 115
Storm and Sunshine of Boyhood 121
Wealth and Wisdom 124
An Address to Union College. 138
A True Friend 140
Ontario. 141
The Gathering Storm 143
The Voyage of Life 145
Beauty and Friendship 147

The Voice of Nature 149
Our Banner 151
My Country I Love 152
First and Second Birth of Columbia 155
The Grave of Washington 167
The Flag of our Union 169
The Last Great Empire 175
American Liberty 183
It Takes all Sorts of Folks to Make a World . . . 185
A Ramble 199
Hard Times of 1858 202
True Pat–riot–ism 207
Paddy's Exposition, or Hypocrisy Reproved 209
Brother Jonathan's Gunpowder Wedding 211
The Picnic 225
Reward of Merit 231
The Green and the Blue 233
Correspondence for the Offering 240
The Social 244
Motto for the Everlasting Visitors 246
Lines 247
The Bible 250
A Reminiscence of the Past 251
Did You Ever? 256
The Ploughholders Ride in the Bondholder's Wake . . 259
Home in the Heart 267
Lines to John F. Wagenen, Esq. 270
Lines to Family of Late Richard E. Van Wagenen . . 275
The Vanity of Earthly Glory (An Essay) 279

Biographical Sketch of the Author,

BY

A. B. DOUGLAS.

HAVING been informed that James O'Connor, the "Deaf Poet," had, through the solicitations of friends, consented to publish a volume of his poems and essays, I consider it a pleasant duty to write a short sketch of his life as an introduction to the public and his volume. As his name indicates, he came of Irish ancestry. His great, great grand-father, Edward O'Connor, came from Ireland before the French and Indian wars in this country. He settled near Albany. The country at the time was a howling wilderness. His great-grand-father, Francis O'Connor, was born there. He was a boat builder by occupation, and during the Revolutionary War built gun-boats on the lakes for the Americans. He thus assisted at the birth of our infant navy. Though young, he remembered well the burning of Schenectady by the Indians, and would recount with marked indignation the stories of their massacres, and the murder of Miss Jane McRea. He married Mary Kidder, of Albany, who was born in Holland. His grand-father, Francis O'Connor, was born at Heidleburg, near Albany. He married Fanny Caulder, who was born at Catskill. Her parents were from the Highlands of Scotland, and were the original settlers of the Thomas Farm at the mouth of Rose's Brook, in Stamford, Delaware County, New York. His grand-father's family was among the first settlers of Bloomville, New York, and they were afterwards among the first settlers of Bovina, moving to that town

in the year 1803. His father, Francis O'Connor, was born at Bloomville, in the year 1801. His mother, Prudence Faulkner, was of a family of Connecticut Yankees, and, as her name indicates, she was of Scotch descent. His parents settled in the town of Andes, Delaware County, New York, where they still reside. The ancestors of James O'Connor were alway true to the interests and cause of America. He came from a race of patriotic, noble, honest, hard-working men and women, who were engaged in many of the fields of industry that the new country presented; but most of them were farmers and farmers' wives.

James O'Connor, the subject of this sketch, was born in Andes, New York, January 26, 1835.

He was always an apt scholar, full of study and full of fun, with a smattering of mischief, which occasionally created, as it is said of our late war, "a slight unpleasantness" between the teacher and the taught. Although he justly prides himself upon his Irish ancestry, it must be confessed that he generally came off second best in the settlement of these incom-*Pat*-ible and conflicting interests. Often in arranging these matters, contrary to his views and protests, by an arbitrary appeal to the *stripes* he has actually been made to see *stars*. He thus had a *feeling* regard for his national emblem early in life.

Notwithstanding these occasional misunderstandings with the autocrat of the rod, he became what may justly be called a first-class common-school scholar.

Few persons that have not made *war* the profession of their lives have encountered greater dangers, or had more hair-breadth escapes. A few of them will only be mentioned. While engaged in "bark-peeling" in the hemlock woods, he was completely covered from sight, by the top of a large tree, which some choppers had fallen upon him. He found himself between two of its largest limbs, his body being but a few inches from each; if either had struck him he would have been instantly killed. Providence preserved him, and he came out from that tree-top unhurt.

At another time, a large log came rolling down a hill toward him. It was so near that it was impossible to get out of its

way, near by was a small hollow in the side hill, and, with remarkable presence of mind, he rushed to it, and threw himself down into it. The log passed directly over him and he was unhurt.

Upon two occasions he was nearly drowned. He has been run over three times with wagons. Upon one occasion he fell before a loaded wagon, which passed over him, fracturing both of his legs. When he was fourteen years of age, upon a very cold night in winter, as he was returning from school, he ventured upon a pond to have a slide ; the ice was "too thin," the consequence was he caught a fearful ducking and a fearful cold, which resulted in inflammation of the brain. His hearing became impaired. This affliction continued to increase, until for a number of years he has been entirely deaf.

Mr. O'Connor was a close student all his life. The improvement of his mind was the chief object of his life. He was not satisfied with the education to be acquired in the common-schools. He prepared himself, and entered Union College, and graduated honorable in the Class of 1858. He chose the Law for a profession, and began its study ; but, on account of his growing deafness, he was forced to abandon his long-cherished hopes. He then turned his attention to the art of printing, which he learned in Oswego, New York. He followed the occupation of printer for some years. On the 15th of October, 1863, he married Miss Mary J. Dickson, of Lumberville, New York. He then turned his attention from the printer's to the more busy and stirring life of a farmer. Of late years he has suffered so much from disease of the heart that he has been compelled to abandon almost entirely the independent life of the tiller of the soil.

For several years he has devoted a large share of his leisure time to the composition of poetry ; his thoughts seem to flow as freely under the direction of the muses as they do in the sterner vein of prose. His poems, as far as they have frequently appeared in the public press, have been very favorably received by an appreciative public.

For a long time many of his friends, and admirers of his poetic genius, have been trying to influence him to publish a volume of his poems, and it is with feelings of pleasure, that

they are assured that he has complied with their request, and now presents to the public his first offering, in the form of a book. Several of these Poems were delivered before Literary Associations, Church and Social gatherings, Teachers' Institutes, &c. ; but most of them were written as the expression of his personal views and thoughts on themes, without a view to their publication or public delivery. These poems speak for themselves. We have heard some of them delivered by the author, and many of them we have read ; and, from knowledge thus acquired, we believe that the poems are laid upon the broad foundation of common-sense and poetic genius. Many of them sparkle with wit and humor, while some of them are truly pathetic.

Mr. O'Connor merits the thanks of his fellow-citizens for the work he has accomplished, and we hope they will indicate their gratitude by their general and generous subscription for the volume he now presents to them.

Brooklyn, N. Y., January 4, 1879.

CELESTIAL LIGHT.

"LET THERE BE LIGHT!"

Light Terrestrial—Light Intellectual—Light Spiritual.

A WORLD in embryo, through ages unnumbered,
In primitive darkness and chaos had slumbered,
Dark shadows eternal around her still hovered,
Her waters untraversed, her shores undiscovered;

Her bright hills and green vales, by us mortals now trod,
Preconceived in the mind of Omnipotent God,
Still alloyed with the atmosphere, ocean, and sky,
Were as yet only seen by the all-seeing eye.

Not a sun, moon, or star, not a pale asteroid
Shed one flickering ray o'er this fathomless void;
Thus neglected of God, in the absence of light,
All things slept, as it were, in perpetual night.

Until God, in the spirit, moved forth o'er the deep,
And a world sprung, at once, from millennial sleep.
The first works of his hand bore the impress of might,
With the voice of command, God said: "Let there be light."

The glad edict resounded o'er heaven's bright plain,
While ten thousand bright angels caught up the refrain;
The strong flood-gates of heaven asunder were hurled,
Her deep rivers of light were let in on the world.

His vicegerents on high, who have heard his command,
Now behold the magnificent works of his hand,
As Jehovah, at once, taking down the bright scroll,
And the map of creation begins to unroll.

And, as Time's coral reefs, and her islands of green,
In the midst of the eternal waters are seen,
Loud hosannas peal forth from that heavenly shore,
The glad anthems of praise unto God evermore.

The whole angelic throng seem inspired with delight,
With this endless, celestial diffusion of light,
Through those numberless worlds most resplendent in hue,
That bespangle creation's broad archway of blue.

They rejoice as God's boundless dominions expand,
They rejoice at the wonderful works of his hand,
That those new annexations, of boundless domain,
Must still further enhance his magnificent reign.

That, in worlds yet unknown, as the legates of love,
They should yet represent the tribunal above;

That, from worlds, by the angelic hosts never trod,
Countless subjects should yet offer tribute to God.

As the insect, when charmed by the presence of light,
Will flit round the bright blaze of the taper at night,
So, those bright rolling orbs, that bespangle the sky,
Revolve round the bright throne in that kingdom on high.

One terrestrial orb, the great Author has blest
With his infinite favors above all the rest,
For this orb, we are told in his volume divine,
The Creator intended all others should shine.

To this earth they are sent as a convoy sublime,
In her passage across the dark borders of time,
And as long as the earth on her axis shall turn,
Her bright watch-fires on high shall continue to burn.

In creating this lovely, terrestial bower,
God has amply displayed his great wisdom and power;
He has, also, displayed his affection and zeal,
As earth's lowliest subjects have reason to feel.

On this earth has his presence forever been felt,
And shall be until time and the elements melt.
On this earth the Supreme in his glory once trod,
And, here man first appeared in the image of God.

His revealed will, to man, was, here fully made known,
Here has ripened the fruit of the seed he has sown,
As the Lord of the harvest, through joys, and through tears,
He has garnered the bountiful harvests of years.

The true seed of his Church, brought to blossom and bear,
Here, by Him, was transplanted, and tended with care.
That celestial exotic still blooming afresh,
Through the Spirit of God manifest in the flesh—

Still, extending her blessings as she has been blest,
To the weary soul offering shelter and rest,
Till a Christianized world has acknowledged her worth,
And her branches have fully encompassed the earth.

His most wonderful works have been here multiplied,
And his Only Begotten here suffered and died,
In the anguish of spirit expired on the tree,
That all earth's captive children, at last, might be free.

Here the Bethlehem star, to the shepherds, betrayed
The rude crib where the holy child Jesus was laid,—
The bright fame of that star, like the glory of him,
Shall remain when the light of all others are dim.

This bright earth, in her loveliest garments attired,
Was one that both God and the angels admired,

As, with form of perfection, unequalled in grace,
She moved on in her orbit through regions of space.

With her bright waters ebbing from mountains, and
plains,
The life-giving pulsations from natural veins,
Bright arterial fountains still flowing apart,
Still, through natural sources, returned to the heart.

While at each respiration her oceans, and seas,
Her liquid breasts heaving in anguish or ease,
Gently swell with the zephyrs that over them play,
Or convulse with the tempest and ruffle with spray.

The whole earth teemed with riches, the waves of the
deep
Were entrusted with mountains of treasures to keep,
Every flower a jewel, each dewdrop a gem,
Such as never yet glistened in king's diadem.

On her green mountain robes, her blue beds of the sea,
Her bright spangles were sprinkled profusely and free,
Thus the sun-gilded robes of pure azure and green,
Draped the earth when the first man appeared on the
scene.

With his spirit enthroned in a body of clay,
He was lord of creation with absolute sway,
To his Maker alone, was allegiance given,
While he basked in the soul-cheering sunlight of heaven.

From this high elevation, he cast himself down,
By denying allegiance to kingdom and crown,
Thus, he forfeits all claims to this lordly estate,
And in open rebellion must now abdicate.

The bright gates of the once royal gardens are passed,
And the man has become a poor vagrant at last,
The bright embers of love have expired on his hearth,
And he wanders a vagabond over the earth.

Overburdened with sins, and with sorrows oppressed,
With the fangs of remorse sinking deep in his breast,
As an outcast from Eden, thus, forced to depart,
While the life-blood has almost congealed to his heart.

Still, the same God in glory is ruling above;
The same heaven is displaying her banners of love;
The same generous earth, from her bountiful breast,
Still offers him nourishment, raiment and rest.

But the shadows of guilt, the huge mountains of sin
Have so hedged him about, have so compassed him in,
From the altar of love his cold heart is estranged,
Till he fully believes that all nature has changed.

As a criminal, fearing the force of the law,
Self-arraigned—self-condemned—ever living in awe,
He dreads the last summons, fain would shun the
bright gates
Where firm justice still tempered with mercy awaits.

So depraved that he seeks darkness rather than light,
That his sinfulness be not revealed to the sight,
Like the midnight assassin, whose blood-streaming steel,
The dark mantles of night shall assist to conceal.

While the night lamps of Heaven the vast canopy crowd,
The pale star of his fate remains under a cloud,
When the day-god illumines the world with his smile,
Sinful man remains groping in darkness the while.

Yet, on life's arid desert some oasis is found,
Where the life-cheering waters of pleasure abound,
Which the wanderer, over this desolate waste,
Is forever in search of, and eager to taste.

The great Author of life, ever mindful of man,
As a light, and a guide to life's huge caravan,
Points out the green isles, and the bright sparkling strand,
That bestud, and beskirt this broad ocean of sand.

As the earth has no desert that has not its green;
And no midnight so dark but the stars may be seen;
So, life, drear as the desert, and dark as the night,
Still discloses the lingering traces of light.

By this sole attribute, man yet hopes to retrace
His iniquitous steps to the threshold of grace;
When to ashes life's smouldering embers shall burn,
To that haven of glory he hopes to return.

On the billows of anguish his vessel may bound,
While the tempest shall burst in its fury around,
Though at times half submerged in the waters of grief,
Or, but narrowly passing some dangerous reef,

By this light, and this faith, he shall weather the gale,
Never tacking about, never shifting a sail,
By the murderous death-rocks, the treacherous shoals,
Which life's ocean conceals for the wrecking of souls.

Not the trade-winds of woe, the siroccos of pain,
Which so fiercely oppose him, or languish in vain,
Nor the turbid inundating waters of sin,
Can extinguish the light that is burning within.

Seek the man, where you will, on the land, or the sea,
In the hut of the slave, or the halls of the free,
He still bears on his visage the impress divine,
And the light in his soul still continues to shine.

When the clouds of adversity darken his sky,
And the storm-king is speeding his carnage on high,
On the horizon, painted in colors serene,
The bright bow of his promise remains to be seen.

In the morning of life, when the soul's genial rays,
Shall have set all the hill-tops of fancy ablaze;
When the pale robes of dawn seem too common and gray,
And are cast off for something more lively and gay;

When, with pencil of youth, we sketch woodland and lawn,
(Which our after years prove have been much over-drawn,)
How delightful this fanciful vision appears,
Unto eyes yet undimmed by the shadows of years.

While on nature's broad canvas, thus deftly arrayed.
The glad sunlight conceals all the traces of shade,
If one cloud on the canvas our eyes may behold,
It is painted with borders of silver and gold.

In the well-defined colors this landscape is seen,
There is azure above, and beneath there is green,
While just in the beautiful background, somewhere,
Our magnificent castles are built in the air.

When at last we arrive at our zenith of years,
Still more lovely the rich golden sunset appears,
With what longings we turn to the beautiful west,
The bright sundown of life, the sure haven of rest,

A whole lifetime of fancies would seem to combine,
In portraying those few closing years of decline,
All the powers of the soul seem conspired to engage,
And to comfort those last weary footsteps of age.

On the borders of life, as we linger to cast
The fond glances of love o'er the joys of the past,
Through the twilight of age, from the hoar hills of time,
To look back on youth's ever delectable clime,

With what mingled emotions the bosom now fills,
As we gaze from the top of time's frost-covered hills,
Whose pale lengthening shadows, like spectres of woe,
Are extending athwart the green valleys below.

A few steps in advance lies that echoless shore,
Where this life's fitful visions shall greet us no more,
While just back in our wake lies that silent ravine,
Beyond which, the still visible past may be seen.

To life's soldier thus called to relinquish his breath,
At the frowning, impregnable ramparts of death,
In communion with self, on the eve of the strife,
How deceptive appear the vain glories of life.

As the mind wanders back o'er the battle-scarred plain,
While reviewing his wearisome earthly campaign,
How his lost hopes appear like the phantoms of dread,
As their skeletons bleach on the fields of the dead.

By the slain, he can see where huge columns were
formed,
Where fierce charges were made, and strong works
have been stormed,
Where successful advance, or the fatal retreat,
Have, by turns, led to triumph, or rout and defeat.

He can see where the strong, in the battles of life,
Have gone down in their strength in the midst of the
strife;
He can see how the honors, attending the brave,
Are neglected, and finally lost in the grave:

While he thinks, as the scenes of the shadowy past,
Are recalled to his memory painfully fast,
That, perhaps in his striving for earthly renown,
He has forfeited claims to a kingdom and crown.

Can the pale wreath of fame, that encircles his crest,
Still the many tumultuous doubts in his breast?
Can the wages of sin—an unholy increase—
Procure for his soul that triumphant release?

Can his final reward be consistently large,
When, through death, he obtains his eternal dis-
charge?
With reflections like these—with misgivings and doubt,
The grim soldiers of life shall be all mustered out.

As the will-o'-the-wisp leads the wanderer of night
On to danger, and death, by its treacherous light,
So, Fame, fickle goddess, with courtesan wiles,
Lures her votaries on with false favors and smiles.

She weaves her bright chaplets from ivies that twine
O'er the cot where the orphan and widow repine,
She culls her gay colors from field. and from flood,
Manured with corruption, or crimsoned with blood,

Which, when highly perfumed by her poisonous breath,
Are more fatal, by far, than the simoon of death,
While she waves them aloft over fields that are red
With the streaming life current of dying, and dead.

Yet her eager aspirants, like demons of ire,
Behold only the objects to which they aspire,
Disregarding the welfare of body, and soul,
They are only intent on obtaining the goal.

If vain mortals who strive for the garlands of fame,
Knew the cost, and the actual worth of the same,
Her right ardent adherents would doubtless be few,
And her garlands might wither on fields where they grew.

Let the hero behold the alembic of gore
Through all ages distilled from the ocean and shore,
And the red rust might cover his death-dealing blade,
When his heart and his hand had relinquished the trade.

Let the monarchs of earth, in their clamor for gain,
Only pause to consider the ages of pain—
The vast armies of maimed, the huge mountains of slain,
And the numberless treasuries emptied in vain.

Their mailed hands would instinctively shrink from the grasp
Of the sceptre as from the huge coil of an asp.
The rich ermine of monarchs, the crown and the mace,
Would be spurned, by the beggar, as things of disgrace.

Could the millions who throng on life's great thoroughfare,
See at once all the burdens their shoulders must bear.
The most valiant of heart might despair at the load,
And the strongest of limb might sink down on the road.

But that God who is able the tempest to calm,
Who hath tempered the fierce wind to suit the shorn lamb,
Hath endowed us with strength, and the courage to bear
Our allotted amount of misfortune and care.

And perhaps it is well that false lights should appear,
Giving birth to new hope, and dispelling vain fear.

Never grieve for the future, but ponder and wait,
For the trials of life shall come never too late.

Let us cease to lament over troubles in store,
And dispel the dark shadows of care from the door,
Let us build our air castles, no matter how tall,
For few mortals shall ever be crushed by their fall.

If the hopes we have built on, at times disappear,
Demolishing all the proud structures we rear,
New hopes and new fancies we still have in store,
To be used in the rapid construction of more.

Shall it profit a man to sit down and complain,
Over life's disappointments, temptations and pain?
Take the world as it is, be it none of the best,
Do your duty like men—trust in God for the rest.

An eclipse of the soul may obscure all the rays
That have gladdened our visions in happier days,
Yet no soul should despond when with sorrows o'er-
cast,
The return of pure sunlight is certain at last.

When occasional shadows have passed from the mind,
Let no gloomy remembrances linger behind,
From the sunshine of pleasure 'tis folly to cast
On the world, one reflection for things of the past.

We have loved her caresses, in seasons of yore,
In her moments of grief we should love her the more,
Her afflictions should cause us the keenest regret,
And her foibles we all should forgive and forget.

When the sun first came wooing this lovely young earth,
So enraptured with maidenly beauty and worth,
The fond-hearted, confiding young lover became,
That his countenance seemed all aglow with the flame.

Like a blushing young maid she received his advances,
Her fair face reflecting reciprocal glances.
If he kissed her 'twas bliss—if he toyed with her tresses
She frowned not, but seemed to enjoy his caresses.

Though artless and young, she was quick to discover
Those traits she admired in her ardent young lover,
She could read in his heart, she could see in his eyes,
An affection that seemed to be born of the skies.

Long ages have rolled since the days of their plighting,
The earth has been prone to coquetting and slighting,
Has allowed, it is said, other sparks to attend her,
Eclipsing, at times, the bright sun in his splendor.

But the wanton young maid, the most beautiful flame,
Becomes in her dotage a withered old dame;
And the earth, with the wrinkles of time on her face,
May have lost much of maidenly beauty and grace.

Yet deep in her heart, beyond mortal's discerning,
The flames of affection are silently burning,
Bright embers of love are aglow at the centre,
Where freezing forgetfulness seeks not to enter.

A halo of friendship around her still lingers,
That Calumny's tongue, nor Oblivion's fingers,
The malice of one, nor the craft of the other,
Has ever been able to darken, or smother.

Amid turmoils unceasing, through numberless years,
Amid elements striving, 'mid jostling of spheres,
In the shades of reproach, or the glitter of fame,
The warm glow of their friendship is always the same.

Still, the bright orb of day, in his course through the skies,
Warms the earth with the fire from his love-lighted eyes.
With a blush on her face, and with love in her breast,
She still watches him out at the gate in the west.

'Tis the type of a union that worlds can not sever,
The light of a love that endureth forever,
And, how blest is the mortal who basks in that love,
And that light everlasting, that comes from above.

Since the receding shades of perpetual night
First retreated before the great vanguard of light,
And the visible shores of time's beacon-lit isle
Were made glad by the mighty Discoverer's smile;

Since the flag-ship of light, by celestial winds driven,
And displaying the royal ensign of Heaven,
In advance of the squadron, bore down on the shore
Over waters no sail ever whitened before.

In the offing, at anchor, that bright fleet has lain,
In full view of the land, while afloat on the main,
Where their binnacle lamps shall continue to burn,
'Till the Admiral orders their final return.

Omnipresent, omniscient, omnipotent God,
By thy light, and thy glory reflected abroad,
That bright heavenly world with its visions of bliss,
Have been clearly, successfully mirrored in this.

Inexhaustible source of perpetual light,
Far transcending the bounds of our natural sight,
Thou hast set all the works of creation ablaze
With thy luminous presence, thy infinite rays.

While above, or around us, wherever we turn,
The bright beams of thy glory we clearly discern;
Roam abroad as we will, o'er the land or the sea,
Still that light omnipresent bears witness of thee.

Go explore the dark caverns of mountain and glen,
Seek those desolate shores never trodden by men,
There is light in the darkest and gloomiest spot,
Though the darkness at times comprehendeth it not.

Intellectual light, the bright basis of joy,
Though by man intermingled with basest alloy,
With bright hands was extracted from primitive ore,
Or was washed from the sands of that heavenly shore.

As an unalloyed metal of infinite worth,
'Tis the medium, common, of heaven, and earth,
'Tis a component part of the creative plan,
'Tis an essence pertaining to Maker and man,

'Tis a fountain whose channel shall never run dry,
Whose bright course may be traced through the meadows on high;
Whose meandering waters incessantly flow
To enliven these beautiful valleys below.

'Tis a reflected light from the mansions of love,
By celestial hands set in the windows above,
'Tis the sun-burst of glory, the light of that throne,
The grand centre of numberless worlds like our own.

'Tis the pure lamp of wisdom, whose rays may be found
Interspersed through the darkness that gathers around,
Where strict investigation has certainly shown,
Every ray forms a separate light of its own.

Trace each separate light to its source, and we find
Them united in forming the light of the mind;

And again disconnected, each ray will appear
As complete, and distinct, in its separate sphere.

There is one special light which we everywhere find
Occupying a prominent place in the mind,
It is memory's watch-fire, that time has not dimmed,
That our fond recollection has guarded, and trimmed.

As around this pale watch-fire we linger to gaze
On the light of our earlier happier days,
When the sun of the past has eternally set,
Though his refracted rays may be visible yet,

The bright scenes of the past, when that sun has
declined,
Like the auroral lights stream back over the mind,
And with blissful emotions unequalled before,
We enjoy their beatified presence once more.

By these embers the wandering exile may doze,
As, relieved for a time of life's burdens and woes,
While his feet claim a respite, his fancies may roam
All unbridled in quest of the pleasures of home.

Life's tempestuous autumn, her winter of age,
With her frosts, and her snows to congeal and assuage,
Neither distance, nor time, can obscure or control
That unquenchable home-light that shines in the soul.

Though our eyes may grow dim, and our bodies decay,
As we totter along down life's wearisome way,
Till these tenement windows no longer convey
To our indwelling spirits the splendors of day;

Though, from friends, home and kindred our lives may be past,
Till we stand upon time's extreme borders at last,
Though our hearts may grow cold, and our forms become bowed,
As we wait the cold welcome of coffin and shroud;

Yet, the wanderer stretched on a death-bed of pain,
Will yearn for the home of his childhood again;
The pale vision of age would appear to renew,
As the mind wanders back from a final review.

For the eye is still faithful, the heart is still young,
Whenever those home-scenes are painted or sung,
And the last tearful glances, the heart's latest throes,
Will reveal the soul's sad separation from those.

Well described in that bright constellation of youth,
Are the fixed stars of Friendship, Love, Virtue and Truth,
In the orbit of home, and distinctly defined,
They are plainly marked down on the map of the mind.

There is one light, as all those who seek may discover,
Wooes the spirit of man like a natural lover,
'Tis an impartial light which we justly may call
The inherent, the God-given birthright of all.

Without it in wealth the proud monarch may grovel,
His throne more abject—less secure—than a hovel,
With his head ill at ease though supporting a crown,
And reclining at will upon pillows of down.

With this light in his breast, though by charity fed,
With the green earth beneath, the blue sky overhead,
The rude, indigent, wandering beggar may own,
And enjoy greater wealth than the king on his throne.

Man inherits this light from his Maker divine,
Through an infant baptism at liberty's shrine;
He has courted this light from the hour of his birth;
He shall worship this star to the ends of the earth.

'Tis a heavenly light whose effulgence expands,
It pervades every heart, it extends to all lands;
'Tis a fire that once kindled, and fanned to a flame,
Will burn on undiminished forever the same.

In the gloom of the dungeon whose stifling breath,
May be freighted at times with the choke-damp of death,
It is liberty's only specific for pains,
That still glows in the heart of the captive in chains.

God was pleased to bestow it, and earth never can
Crush this undying light from the spirit of man.
Let her forge the strong links—let her fasten the chain,
There's a power that shall rend all her fetters in twain.

Bind the body in chains, still the spirit will soar
To the unclouded heights where it rested before,
'Till the soul and the body, united, receive
From the strong arm of death, a triumphant reprieve.

With the force of an earthquake, whose terrible shock
Ever potent to fissure the primitive rock,
We see liberty bursting, at times, from the ground
Where no previous trace of her light had been found.

Where, through numberless years of oppression, and
night,
She had waited the grand resurrection of light,
For some omen of good to appear in the skies;
And some guardian angel to bid her arise.

Though this goddess of light for a time may expire,
And her foes may rejoice round her funeral pyre,
Her oppressors may trample her time-hallowed sod
In derision to man—and insulting to God!—

Until through some upheaval of national strife,
Her long slumbering ashes awake with new life,
And political, volcanic turmoils of men,
Shall have thrown her alive to the surface again.

With this light in his breast, the lone sentry will tread
The most wearisome beat on the field of the dead,
The dark hours of the night will be seemingly brief,
While he waits for the morning, and hopes for relief.

And the morning may break with the canopy red
Looking down on a field of the dying and dead,
While the black clouds of war fill the sulphurous air,
And the elements join in a wail of despair.

Yet he heeds not their wailings, beholds not the gloom,
For he fears neither death nor a warrior's tomb,
No sweet siren of peace his brave spirit can tame,
While this heaven-born light shall his bosom inflame.

The dread Angel of Death, in habiliments pale,
May have spread her white wings on the boisterous gale.
She may check his advance, she may hold him at bay,
But the heart of the hero death can not dismay.

While the pure light of liberty shines in the soul,
The wild tempest may beat, and the war clouds may roll,
In the front line of battle that hero will be,
With his strong arm still raised in defence of the free.

There is one peerless light in humanity's breast,
With unlimited rays more admired than the rest;
'Tis a light that is earth-born, and still is divine,
It arrives at no zenith, and knows no decline.

'Tis a light with no orbit, it rolls like the wave,
And its limits are found in the cradle, and grave.
Though an undying light, like our natural breath
It must stop on the banks of the river of death.

'Tis the pure light of Hope whose benevolent beams
Lend enchantment to man's multifarious dreams;
'Tis to keep off the goblins of sorrow and care,
And to buoy up the spirit, when plunged in despair.

'Tis a lamp the Eternal keeps hung on the wall,
While the night shades obscure this terrestrial ball;
'Tis the morning star seen in the twilight of gray,
That shall herald the coming of eternal day.

Though the turbulent waves of misfortune may roll
Till their waters shall almost inundate the soul,
That bright beacon of hope, from the shores of the blest,
Shall conduct us at last to a harbor of rest.

Although Hope be celestial, her limited powers
Are still strictly confined to this planet of ours;
Though a light on the earth, and a joy to our eyes,
Her bright rays never pierce the deep blue of the skies.

There is no place for hope on those heavenly plains,
In that kingdom where perfect reality reigns;
Where the spirits of light, with the angels acquire
That perfection in bliss toward which mortals aspire.

As the rainbow appears, to the natural eye,
To be based on the mountains and spanning the sky,
So, Hope, to the spirit confined in the clod,
May appear to be based on the blue hills of God.

'Tis, alone, by us grovelling mortals of earth,
That this light is considered of infinite worth,
And to us, who in dangers and darkness must grope,
How exquisitely sweet are the pleasures of Hope.

When we search the etherial fields of the mind,
With the eyes of the spirit, we easily find
That the diverging rays of that light we so love,
Are as countless as stars in the blue fields above.

'Tis the light of the soul, in the port of the heart,
While full vessels of life freight, arrive and depart;
Like the pulse of the heart, with diminishing speed,
The fond hopes of this life, still advance and recede.

When bright hopes, whose reality seemed to be sure,
By the clouds of misfortune, are rendered obscure,
With serene resignation, with glances so fond,
We view still brighter hopes in the clear sky beyond.

It is thus with the uncertain lights of the earth,
It is thus with our hopes that have natural birth,
While they court our advances, and smile to deceive,
They disdain our embraces, and leave us to grieve,

There's one light, and one hope, still unknown to
decay,
That shall last till the heavens and earth pass away;
'Tis the unfading hope of salvation through him
Whose bright, redeeming glories shall never grow dim.

'Tis the light of a Saviour, whose sanctified birth
Has dispersed the dark clouds from a sin-stricken
earth;
'Tis the hope that has sprung from the blood that was
shed
On the cross, where a crucified Saviour has bled.

'Tis our Bethlehem star, when our burdens of care,
And our sins shall become too oppressive to bear;
The Golgotha where souls under sentence receive,
Through unmerited grace, full and final reprieve.

The true Christian afloat on life's perilous wave,
With firm faith in his pilot, the dangers will brave,
Far beyond these rough waters where angry winds
cease,
There is light for his soul in that harbor of peace.

While the worldling, at times, will be greatly dismayed,
If relying, for safety, on frail human aid,
For his arm will be powerless, his courage will fail,
And his unguided craft can not weather the gale.

He may know of the gulf-streams of pleasure that flow
Unmingled across this broad ocean of woe—
He may know of the trade-winds that constantly sweep
Other portions of life's ever turbulent deep.

He may know there is light, he may know there is
rest,
Still beyond these rough waves in that port of the
blest;
He may look to the compass, and study the chart,
'Till its lines are indelibly stamped on his heart.

And yet, with no light—with no pilot on high,
When the storms of this life gather dark in his sky,
He may err in his reckoning—err in his log,
He may founder at sea, or get lost in a fog.

In one light there is safety—no safety beside,
There is only one trustworthy Pilot to guide,
And that trustworthy Pilot is able to keep
His log-books correct with the chart of the deep!

How our natural minds will at times become stirred,
As we read, and reflect, on that wonderful Word,
For the shadows of doubt will at times be removed,
And the soul's unbelief will be strongly reproved.

Yet man's spirit, when left unsupported and lone,
To distrusting, and doubting, by nature is prone;

Fron conviction we see him still standing aloof,
Though surrounded with light, and confronted with proof.

It has ever been thus—it was even so when
The true Word was made flesh and sojourned among men;
They could witness his works, as he wandered about,
On his mission of mercy, and yet, they could doubt.

The poor Galilee fishermen, doubtless, could stand,
And witness the miracles wrought by his hand;
They could see how vast numbers were raised from the dead,
How the naked were clothed, and the hungry were fed.

How the lepers were cleansed, and the lame made to walk,
And the blind made to see, and the dumb made to talk,
Even, yet, while they stood overcome with surprise,
Doubt still dwelt in their hearts, and beclouded their eyes.

Whether Gentile, or Jew, whether Hebrew, or Greek,
Though the spirit was willing, the body was weak;
Both the sinner and saint—the profane, the devout—
Were at times overcome by the shadows of doubt.

His own chosen disciples grew faint in the strife,
Though supplied with the bread, and the waters of life;
While they saw their Redeemer reviled, and betrayed,
They were shaken in faith, and were sorely afraid.

As from Calvary's summit, so gory and red,
With the sins of the world bearing down on his head,
While they see his tried spirit in anguish depart,
They are sorely afflicted, and heavy of heart.

In the light of his presence they rested secure,
While they fully believed their salvation was sure;
When they saw the dread powers of the wicked prevail,
Those most valiant in faith were the soonest to fail.

When they saw how the sepulchre, false to its trust,
Had been quick to surrender his sanctified dust,
When they saw his cold limbs from the tree taken down,
When they saw him ascend from the Cross to a Crown,

Their tried spirits once more with fresh hopes were imbued,
And to him their allegiance again was renewed.
In the fulness of joy they make haste to proclaim,
Of the glories attached to his wonderful name.

For the sins of the world he was ready to bleed.
Which has shown him to be the Good Shepherd indeed;
When they saw his exceeding regard for his flock,
Their true faith in that Shepherd was firm as the rock.

His accusers, it seems, had unwittingly sought,
Through his death, to disgrace the religion he taught;
They intended to prove him unable to save
His own body, at least, from the power of the grave.

From their own hearts, they suffered rebuke, when they found
Persecution and death to his glory redound;
When they saw the strong seal of the sepulchre burst,
They could see their last error was worse than the first.

Time rolls swiftly along in his course never stayed,
And the blossoms of empire have bloomed and decayed;
Generations of men, like the bubbles of spray,
On those deep rolling waters, are passing away.

The warm suns of full eighteen broad centuries bright,
Have gone down in the shadows of eternal night;
Still his angry accusers are loud in their wail;
Still their false accusations are heard on the gale;

Still the wicked are swift, with the scourge and the rod,
Persecuting the Only Begotten of God;
Still the tongue of derision is swift to revile
That religion which calumny can not defile.

By the penitent soul, the fierce rabble is heard,
Still reproaching, and doubting the truth of that word.
The inferior scope of our natural sight
Can not measure those rays of superior light.

'Tis alone the partakers of heavenly grace,
Who, with soul unto soul, and with face unto face,
Having shared, after seasons of anguish and loss,
With a Saviour, the fruits of that death on the cross.

Only those who have cast off the burdens of grief,
Can enjoy the exquisite delights of relief;
Only those who withdraw from the world's wicked strife,
Shall partake of the blessings of eternal life.

Unto such, the Redeemer still seen in the flesh,
With the wounds of the cross ever bleeding afresh,
Is both known, and received as an envoy of love,
An embassador sent from that kingdom above.

But he wears neither scarlet, nor plaiting of thorns,
He is free from the world, with its scoffs, and its scorns,
Neither fearing the earth with her sinful conclave,
Nor her dreaded triune of Death, Hell, and the Grave.

The bright legate of heaven is recalled to the throne,
And the fruits of his mission are fully made known,

In the regions of glory his radiant brow
Is adorned with the choicest of diadems now.

His appointment, his mission, his painful recall,
And, moreover, his grand coronation, withal,
The deep wrongs he endured from the vile and unjust,
Have shown him as worthy of heavenly trust.

May the light of his presence beam full on our sight,
Before called to the last cold embraces of night;
May our undying spirits awake from the clay
To rejoice in the splendors of eternal day.

April 4th, 1872.

PAKATAKAN.

[Pakatakan was an old Indian village located near where the village of Margaretville now stands. In 1863, the inhabitants of Margaretville held the Centennial Anniversary of its settlement by the whites. The following poem was written and read on the occasion.]

To the Council of the Pale-face:

Pakatakan, the departed, sendeth greetings. The spirit of her fathers shall preside over your councils, their words of wisdom shall be heard among you, like the sound of far-off waters—sounding mighty in the past, feebly echoed in the present, dying in the distant future, to be heard no more forever.

THOUGH the pale-face pay her homage—
  Offer tribute to her worth,
Yet the footprints of her children
  Have been blotted from the earth.

He may treasure up her legends
  Safely in his heart and head,
May again revive traditions,
  But he can not wake the dead.

They are gathered to their fathers,
Nor can man avert his doom.
Lo! the chieftain now reposes
In an unremembered tomb.

Yes! the snows of many winters
Have dissolved above their clay,
Have obliterated traces
Of their national decay.

Thus the golden bowl is broken,
It lies buried in the sand,
And a nation hath departed
To the far off spirit land.

While the pale-face speaks in council—
Speaking with historic lore,
Shall compare the mighty present
With the unforgotten yore;

While he vainly tries to rescue
Our traditions from decay,
He should ponder, should remember,
That he, too, must pass away.

Should remember the Great Spirit
From the regions of the sky,
Very wisely hath appointed it
For "all men once to die."

The Great Spirit spoke creation,
Into being called the light.
He commanded that the morning
Should be followed by the night.

The bright sun which climbs the heavens
Roams through ether for a day,
Passes into night and darkness,
Passes, like our lives, away.

One day's sun has scarce departed
Ere another takes its place,
Wanders o'er the trackless desert,
Through the boundless realms of space.

How this world was first created,
Or how many moons ago,
Our traditions do not tell us,
And the red man does not know.

But the spirit of the red man,
By the Master Spirit taught,
Hath a comprehensive vision
Of the wonders he has wrought.

Sacred writings, which the pale-face
Hath acknowledged to be true,
Even as the red man's spirit
Now declareth unto you.

On the morning of creation,
Ye have read, when time began,
That this broad green earth was fashioned
For the dwelling-place of man.

The rising sun beheld him first
In Eden's lovely bower,
The whole broad earth, at present,
Beareth record of his power.

Yea! she also beareth record
Of his natural decay,
And, as Time's unerring index
Points to what has passed away.

Ye may ponder o'er the ruins
Of the cities of the dead,
But ye only see the body
When the soul thereof has fled.

Ye may seek for ancient Babel,
For her ponderous remains,
But her greatness is a fable,
She lies level with the plains.

While the pilgrim, as he journeys
To the far off Holy Land,
With his feet well shod with sandals,
With his scrip and staff in hand;

While he rambles o'er the mountains,
Through the valleys, by the coasts,
Would appear to search for footprints
Of th' Almighty God of hosts.

He ascends the Mount of Olives
Where a Jesus knelt in prayer,
There is much to interest him,
But he finds no footprints there.

The blood is washed from Calvary
With heaven descending dews,
He sees the cross, no longer,
Erected by the Jews.

Lo! the mighty tribes of Judah
Have all lain them down to rest,
They are sleeping in the vineyards
Which their husbandmen have dressed.

While old Time still rolls his billows,
Yea! and shall forever more,
Washing every human footprint
From his sands along the shore.

Lo! the red man once was mighty,
And his lands were broad and free,
Yea! his hunting grounds extended
From the mountains to the sea.

But the remnant of his nation,
  Which at present ye behold,
Is the shadow of a substance
  That lies sleeping in the mould.

Sleeping in the womb of nature,
  Till the earth, on which ye tread,
By the hecatomb of ages,
  Shall be pregnant with the dead.

While the spirit of the red man
  Holdeth counsel with you here,
Lo! his sleeping dust reposes
  With your hardy pioneer.

Earth shall hold them in her bosom
  Till the great and final day,
Till the overruling spirit
  Shall reanimate their clay.

Yes, in death's exhaustless quiver
  Ye may all behold the dart
Which shall enter every bosom,
  Which shall poison every heart.

But the mountains, and the valleys,
  Which conceal their sleeping dust,
Shall all travail, and bear issue,
  Shall deliver up their trust,

When the chieftain, and the pale-face,
Shall awaken hand in hand,
And shall journey on together
To the far off spirit land.

Then remember that the red man,
With a hand as firm as you,
Over Jordan's troubled waters
Shall yet paddle his canoe.

Though they leave the verdant meadows,
And the hunting grounds they love,
In the spirit they shall wander
Through the azure fields above.

Though their nation be extinguished,
And ye see them here no more,
They still shall smoke the calumet
Upon the other shore.

And thus Pakatakan leaves you—
Parts with you in peace, and love,
And she hopes some day to meet you
At the council-fire above.

THE GREAT UNSEEN.

All nations, and all ages, have been deeply impressed with the supremacy of a Great Unseen.

While chaos reigned, and darkness, like a pall,
Still spread her sable mantle over all;
While uncreated things were wrapped in sleep,
The Great Unseen presided o'er the deep.

But, lo! he speaks, and, at his mighty voice,
The light appears, and worlds on worlds rejoice;
At his command the starry hosts, sublime,
Speed onward in their destined course through time.

His laws supreme are stamped on nature's heart,
Nor can one atom from his laws depart;
Five thousand years and more have passed away,
And only sinful man dare disobey.

'Tis strange the fairest structure of his hands,
Alone, should disregard his strict commands;
Should break the law thus given him to keep,
Cause earth to tremble, and all heaven to weep.

Alone created with a form divine,
A soul celestial ever more to shine,
Lord of creation, fairest flower of earth,
The only creature of immortal birth.

Sole occupants of Eden's lovely bowers,
With naught to do but tend the fruit and flowers,
In love divine, in harmony to dwell,
Secure from outward harm—but, lo, they fell!

The woman first rebelled, and from that hour,
Death and corruption were her only dower;
Man next rebelled, her load of guilt to share,
And thus a future world was sunk in care.

The vilest worm that crawls in filth, and dust,
Fulfils his destined mission meek, and just,
His Maker's laws and precepts all obey,
And fills a more exalted sphere than they.

And shall degraded man, corrupt, and vile,
Receive henceforth his great Creator's smile?
Can rebels to the cause of heaven still trust
The mercy of a Power supreme and just?

Whose heav'nly mandates fill, whose presence swell
The subject realms of heaven, of earth and hell;
Who mounts the raging tempest in his wrath,
While flames of vengeance flash along his path.

At his approach rebellious sons of clay
Withdraw in consternation and dismay;
Their minds, henceforth, are filled with doubts and fears,
But, lo! in time the Son of man appears.

No downy folds surround his natal bed,
Born in a manger where the cattle fed,
Mid thorns, and briars, destined long to tread,
Without one spot to rest his weary head.

The scoffs and scorns, of unbelievers vile,
Were heaped upon his sacred head the while;
And now the great and trying hour at hand,
Offended Justice makes his last demand.

To this demand his only Son complies,
And on the cross a bleeding Saviour dies!
Clouds gather o'er a world convulsed with pain;
The temple's holy vail is rent in twain.

Offended Justice satisfied, at length
Becomes the lowly Christian's hope and strength;
In thorny paths, o'er burning sands they roam,
Thirsty and faint, bereft of friends and home.

Temptation's snares before their feet are spread,
Clouds of despair may darken overhead,
Beyond all worldly ken they still descry
Their beacon-light bright shining from on high.

They suffer stripes, nor flinch beneath the rod,
When racked with pain they meekly trust in God;
Chained to the stake the martyr'd saint expires,
A Saviour's love his bleeding bosom fires.

Bound in his narrow cell the pilgrim lies,
Phantoms of darkness flit before his eyes,
Though prison bars o'ershadow him with gloom,
The light of hope his darkest hours illume.

Or, like Apostle Paul secure in chains,
Careering on old ocean's vast domains,
When raging billows lash his trembling bark,
And to the bottom sends his little ark.

When, from her heaving bosom, with a roar,
She casts the shipwrecked pilgrim on the shore,
While salt tears sparkle on the briny deep,
She yields the treasure which she can not keep.

Though warring elements may spread alarm,
Yet, from his inmost soul he fears no harm.
He knows there is a Power to shield the just,
And in that Power he places all his trust.

The mountain shepherd, as he tends his flock,
Bends low his knees upon the mossy rock,
While to the God of heaven his prayers arise,
To that Unseen who rules above the skies.

For strength of hope, behold the couch of death!
The dying Christian draws his latest breath,
With no regret to leave a world like this;
He greets the dread unknown, the dark abyss.

When anxious friends are weeping by his side,
He calmly bids those scalding tears be dried.
With eyes of faith, he penetrates the gloom
That shades the confines of the narrow tomb.

The vilest wretch that dwells on land or flood,
At times will feel to own there is a God!
When waves in fury wash the lonely deck,
And storm-fiends howl in anguish o'er the wreck;

When not one single hope of life remains,
His blood-stained soul is fiercely rent with pains;
Sunk on his knees, to heaven he lifts his eyes,
And to the God of mercy wildly cries.

The forest chief may roam the desert wild,
Yet Mother Nature owns her rugged child;
No written precepts doth his mind control,
But nature's laws possess his very soul,

When plenty reigns, and autumn's sunny days
Smile o'er his hunting grounds, and fields of maize,
Or autumn winds the forest branches nod,
His prayers he offers to the red man's God.

With bow well strung, and quiver at his back,
The chieftain brave pursues the foeman's track,
While kindred spirits haunt his troubled breast,
The cry of vengeance will not let him rest.

Fierce as the wounded tiger in his ire,
With breast of steel, and eyes of liquid fire,
His daring front no human power can quail,
With tempest speed he darts along the trail.

But when the storms of heaven 'round him lower,
He bows submissive to a sovereign power
When thunders bellow wildly overhead,
His nerves relax, his courage all has fled.

Low to the earth he bows his trembling form,
Before the angry spirit of the storm;
His aching breast supports his trembling hands,
Imploringly he looks to spirit lands.

Those to whom revelations are unknown,
Who bow their heads to gods of wood and stone,
From nature, own a power supremely high,
Which their false gods will clearly testify.

O, Power divine, disperse the shades of night!
Fill all thy subjects with true Christian light!
Teach us to banish idols from the view,
Reject false gods, and worship but the true!

In searching all the whole creation round,
If there one solitary soul be found,
Who lives, and moves, and passes life away,
Who knows no God, nor fears the judgment-day,

To him how dreadful will the summons seem,
When from death's cold but transitory dream,
With all the slumbering nations, yet unborn,
To waken at the resurrection morn.

When lurid flames shall earth and hell devour,
And all things melt before his sovereign power;
When starry hosts shall from their orbits fall,
The heavens shall roll together like a scroll.

When islands sink beneath the raging flood,
When suns turn dark, and moons become as blood,
All human doubts shall vanish on that day,
All earth, and hell, shall tremble and obey.

O, thou Unseen, whose absence we deplore,
Light all thy beacons on the other shore;
Speak to the waves, bid their commotions cease,
And guide us safely to that port of peace.

SOBER REFLECTIONS.

PART I.

The imaginary pleasures of earth are the follies of man—the true value of time, or life, death, and immortality.

THERE are charms in reflection no power can reveal,
There are pangs in connection no power can conceal,
The bright dreams of the past, which afford us such joy,
Are with shadows o'ercast which must ever annoy.

Those moments of sadness, those joys, although faded,
Still rest in the bosoms that once they invaded.
And shall they enchant us till life shall be o'er?
Ah, yes! and shall haunt us when time is no more!

Former joys in my mem'ry I often renew,
But the hours I have wasted, like mountains I view,
For I know that time squandered shall trouble my rest,
When the clods of the valley lie cold on my breast.

But, how varied the objects, how changing the clime
We descry while exploring the wild waste of time!
Each day has its comforts, each day has its cares,
The field yields her wheat, and the field yields her tares.

The sunshine, and darkness, so varied appear,
Day fills us with gladness, night leaves us in fear,
Time changes our climate as onward he rolls,
Youth warms at the tropics, age chills at the poles.

Though the sunshine of childhood we still can behold
When our minds, like our bodies, are feeble and old,
Yet, the valley of shadows will still intervene,
An impassable gulf there lies stretched out between.

Past visions have faded, past hopes have been blighted.
Where now are the pleasures in which I delighted?
In the pastures, and meadows, where once I have played,
Both the roses, and thistles, have bloomed and decayed.

Other eyes may behold them as pleasing to sight,
But they fill not my bosom with former delight;
For the pleasures, and pastimes, I used to have there,
Fill my mind with regret, and I yield to despair.

At home, though the fire may be burning as bright,
Though the lamp may be shedding as brilliant a light,

Still, voices are wanting to make up the choir,
To fill the home circle convened by the fire.

The school-house, and play-ground, are lonely and drear,
For the voices of schoolmates no longer I hear,
The spring frost has nipped them while yet in their prime,
Life's thread has been cut by the sickle of Time.

Like flowers of the meadow, they bloom and decay,
Death but breathes on their petals, they wither away.
I gaze all around, as life's battle I fight,
Lo! the few that are living, are scattered in flight.

I roam through the orchard, I pause by the rill,
Whose beautiful waters flow down from the hill;
There the play-house, though standing, bears marks of decay,
While the hands that have built it are wasting away.

Those visions excite not one feeling of mirth,
For they teach us, that, short are the pleasures of earth,
That the sunshine of life is all passing away,
That a long night of darkness must follow the day.

That man, who delights in earth's pleasures so fond,
Who passes this life never looking beyond,

Shall be tried, and found wanting, shall suffer ejection,
When trumpets shall sound at the last resurrection.

Knowest thou, fallen man, as we journey from here,
In the court of high heaven we all must appear,
To account for the time we have faithfully used,
To account for the time we have likewise abused.

Earth was only intended a harbor of rest,
In our passage to yonder bright land of the blest;
As a place to refit, and take on a supply,
While our lives should be spent in preparing to die.

I have thought, while reflecting, that man's greatest crime,
While on earth, is the misapplication of time.
Look abroad and behold his chief object, and aim,
He is constantly striving for riches, and fame.

To obtain them, may cost him his health, and his prime;
It may cost him his virtue, and cost him his time;
It may cost him his comfort, his reason, his life;
And, yet, his whole being with hazard is rife.

Unpossessed of these objects no pleasure he views,
So he girds on the armor, the battle renews,
Full of scars, and of years, he discovers his doom,
His last battle is lost on the verge of the tomb.

Too late to retreat, and no time to advance,
He throws down his armor; his sabre, and lance,
He looks wildly around him, with sorrow oppressed,
For his objects, accomplished, afford him no rest.

He has wasted his moments, pursuing the goal,
He has worn out his body, and ruined his soul,
In the deepest of anguish he draws his last breath,
For the life he has led so unfits him for death.

Nor can death end his troubles, or shorten his woes,
Nor can the grave yield him the slightest repose,
For the phantoms of darkness will flit round his head,
And the earth-worms will crawl in his cold narrow bed.

And the time he has killed, he beholds in a shroud,
While the moments, all ghastly, around him will crowd;
Past follies, like demons, his fortress assail,
His pall serves but ill as a coating of mail.

But, such is the doom of a man of the world,
To him, the dark banner of fate is unfurled;
He abuses the blessings that God has bestowed,
And he gathers the fruits of the seed he has sowed.

And can this be all that a God has designed,
In creating such beings of body and mind?
Has the world been created for nothing but strife?
Has the grave been ordained as the end of all life?

Lo! a world was called forth by an all-wise command,
It was fitly adorned by an Almighty hand;
All else in creation was formed at his will,
But man was found wanting earth's bosom to till.

In his Maker's own image man's body was made,
Never had such perfection before been displayed;
He breathed in man's nostrils his life-giving breath,
'Tis the same we return at the moment of death.

Thus, man was ordained to be god of the earth,
He is next to his Maker in image and birth;
All creation, so lovely, is placed at his hand,
His dominion extends o'er both ocean and land.

Though the space may seem narrow, in which we must move,
We have more time allowed than we care to improve;
Yet, I know, it is ever the nature of man
To sit idle and murmur at life's narrow span.

That man should be mortal he thinks is unjust,
And mourns that his body should sleep in the dust;
And the terror of death sends a thrill to his heart,
While the soul and the body reluctantly part.

It is strange that a being thus formed should rebel,
It is strange he should murmur because he has fell,

And, still stranger, to think he should sit and complain
That the earth has no beauty, that all things are vain.

While earth in her bounties, her fruits, and her flowers,
Still vies with the bounties of Eden's fair bowers,
With seed-time and harvest mankind are still blest,
There are seasons for labor, and seasons for rest.

Vast herds of wild fatlings roam over the heath,
We've the blue sky above, and the green earth beneath,
The foam-crested billow man rides at his will,
The deep yields her treasures his coffers to fill.

He mounts with the tempest, he rides with the clouds,
That whiten around him like so many shrouds;
Thus the air, earth, and ocean, all lend him their aid,
The bright rainbow of promise to him is displayed.

The day-god resplendent, affords him his light,
The moon, and the stars, shine to cheer him by night,
The night dews of heaven refreshen his heart,
And to the whole system new vigor impart.

How many Euphrates and Gihons there be,
Whose beautiful waters roll down to the sea,
All nature, for comfort and beauty arranged,
Is still looking lovely, 'tis man that has changed!

And, yet, there are riches that all should desire,
There's a summit of fame to which all should aspire,
'Tis the soul's dearest treasure, the hope of the Cross,
For, beside it all riches and fame are but dross!

But the man thus possessed, will not murmur at God,
When afflictions assail him he kisses the rod;
As he journeys from hence he has well been foretold
He can take not his scrip, nor his silver and gold.

When the messenger comes to deprive him of breath,
He looks calmly beyond the dark Jordan of death;
He beholds his Redeemer, his hope, and his trust,
He views the bright Canaan prepared for the just.

Lo! his passport is sealed, and his Pilot is near,
He prepares for the transit, a stranger to fear;
Though winds sweep in fury, though dark billows roll,
The canvas is spread that shall bear off his soul.

The moment for parting he greets with delight,
His sails are well trimmed, and his beacon is bright;
He makes a safe voyage, his troubles all cease,
He anchors at last in the harbor of peace.

Though his body shall sleep for awhile in the earth,
Yet, again it shall rise and partake of new birth,
Shall unite with the soul on eternity's shore,
Where the troubles of parting at last will be o'er.

Can man then be mortal? Ah, no! he shall live
The new life his Creator has promised to give!
For the strong arm he trusted is able to save,
He shall triumph at last o'er death, hell, and the grave.

Nor should we sit idle and murmur at fate,
Let us up and be doing, the hour's growing late!
Each moment's a jewel the brightest, and best,
That shines all resplendent in time's golden crest.

The thieves who shall rob me of silver, and gold,
I forgive, though their actions are wicked, and bold.
They may rifle my pockets, yea! leave not a dime!
But woe to the wretches that pilfer my time!

They deprive me of life, for they shorten my hours,
They rob my poor soul of her richest of dowers;
If they take my last treasure, what can they take more?
They have robbed me of that which no man can restore.

Other wealth, like the seasons, may come and depart;
But time, that is lost, leaves a void in the heart.
Then let us be faithful, use time as it flies,
For its riches retained, shall be ours when it dies.

O, let us be wise while the day is our own!
For every lost moment we'll have to atone.

There are few rich, and wise, as Jerusalem's king,
Yet all have their riches, and talents, to bring.

We may have but one talent, and still may be blest,
For its usage may gain us an eternal rest.
If we suffer our thousands to rust and decay,
At the last we shall all be sent empty away.

As I sit and reflect on man's station, and birth,
On the riches of heaven, and the blessings of earth,
My soul in her poverty, shrinks from the view.
How much we receive, where but little is due!

SOBER REFLECTIONS.

PART II.

From whence do we proceed—what is our mission—whither are we tending?
These little questions, weighed by candid common sense,
Are still in point of value found to be immense.

We come direct from God, and at the sole commands
Of him who holdeth worlds in his Almighty hands.
Our image is divine, our souls, our breath is his,
And he our Lamp, our Guide, our very being is.

So close allied to God, of such exalted birth,
How great must be the trust assigned to us on earth!
The pleasant paths of peace before our feet are spread,
Ten thousand worlds of light revolving overhead.

Our comforts are derived from heaven, earth and sea.
Yes, fellow-man, the world was made for you and me.
All things, that he has formed, are governed by his laws,
And men have ample minds to fathom every cause.

Creation's vast domain at will we may explore—
Our keel may plough its shoals, may visit every shore;
How much of good on earth poor sinful man could do,
Would he obey his God, and wisdom's ways pursue.

How many noble deeds are placed within his power;
How many little acts are present every hour;
Nor need we idle be, there's work enough for all;
Rise, then, O, fallen man! obey your master's call!

Sound loud the trump of fame, with flag of truth unfurled,
Engage the cause of heaven, proclaim it o'er the world;
Go tell to all mankind how our first parents fell;
Declare how Jesus died to rescue them from hell.

Help education spread her genial light abroad,
Till every human soul shall know the will of God;
In paths of science tread, her golden gates unfold;
Deep in the mines of truth are treasures yet untold.

Search every little nook in range of human ken;
Search well in thine own heart, search all the hearts of men;
So cultivate thy mind, and pluck out every tare
That error's noxious weeds may never flourish there.

Hold firmly to the right, seek not for earthly fame,
It will but prove as "sounding brass," an empty name;

All earthly fame will fade, time shall betray his trust,
The monuments we build will crumble in the dust.

Give freely to the poor, be penitent, and mild;
Stand up before thy God with conscience undefiled;
Pour consolation's balm in every breast of woe;
Bid streams of joy arise, where sorrow's fountains flow;

And God shall make thy calling and election sure;
The fame that thou hast gained forever must endure;
Thy mission well fulfilled, thy works shall all be blest,
Thou servant of the Lord shalt enter into rest.

When clouds of sin disperse, religion's piercing rays
Disclose how few there are who walk in wisdom's ways;
Who keep the rugged path which their Redeemer trod,
That straight and narrow way that leads direct to God.

'Twas Jesus called them forth, 'twas he who paved the way,
'Tis he who guides them now to realms of endless day;
By him the lamps of truth are lit on either side,
From which the gospel light is seen both far and wide.

Hope, as the pilgrim's staff, affords him ample aid,
When darkness gathers o'er, when hosts of hell invade,
He fears no power but God, though legions may oppose,
Through faith he journeys on, secure from all his foes.

But let us turn and view that dark and dismal road,
The broad highway that leads to Satan's drear abode;
There countless millions meet, and join the motley throng,
As hell's dread minions greet and usher them along,

Where error's lamps shine forth resplendent to the view;
Yet penetrating eyes discern them from the true.
And should you ask their fate, 'tis answered in a breath,
Their chief delight is sin, their only wages death!

The Prince of Darkness leads with all his wicked wiles,
He beckons them along with his bewitching smiles;
For pleasures all men thirst, God places in the cup
With pleasure, sin and death; still eagerly they sup.

But, O, the bitter dregs that poison every lip;
All men shall suffer death, for having dared to sip.
And in that night of death, the wicked and the just
Shall share one common fate—shall slumber in the dust.

Humanity may boast of bravery and power,
And yet, they shake at death, they dread the final hour,
Not all the power of earth her potentates can save,
The realms of earthly kings are bounded by the grave.

Where poverty, and wealth, shall slumber side by side,
When Lazarus, and Dives, together shall have died.
Dark is the night of death! and broken is the sleep
Of those who spread the sail on Jordan's troubled deep!

But, lo! a dreadful sound comes drifting o'er the wave,
Reanimates the dead, and opens every grave;
The trumpet's awful tone bids sleeping dust arise,
Appear before the throne of Him who rules the skies.

Earth's legions shall arise, the resurrection morn
Shall shed her brilliant light on nations yet unborn.
And now the morning breaks, the gates of heaven unfold,
Behold the court on high adorned with pearl and gold.

There God of heaven, and earth, supremely takes his stand,
He calls the court of heaven, he issues his command;
The Son of man appears as counsel for the just,
He pleads the cause of those who place in him their trust.

The ponderous Book of Life he takes from God's right hand,
Lo! hallelujahs ring through heaven's immortal band;

He opens every seal before the GREAT I AM,
While saints of God proclaim how worthy is the Lamb!

As Shepherd of his flock, his sheep shall hear his voice;
He calls the quick, and dead, the objects of his choice.
'Tis just that Christ should judge when souls of men are tried;
For them he came on earth, for them he lived and died.

Their weakness in the flesh, their sins he can forgive,
In his atoning grace he bids them trust and live;
They hear his mighty voice, and yet are not afraid;
Their sins are blotted out, their debts have all been paid.

And, now, at his right hand, he offers them a seat,
He crowns them with his love, with grace anoints their feet;
Now all the saints of God with one accord shall sing,
Archangels shall proclaim hosannas to our King?

When, lo! a trump from heaven sounds louder than before,
Its echoes shall resound on Jordan's farthest shore;
And now the Prince of Hell his legions shall arraign,
Shall marshal all his hosts together on the plain.

Before the court of heaven he offers their defence,
When, lo! a God replies to Satan: "Get thee hence!"
They now behold in chains their chieftain sent away,
And every breast is filled with terror and dismay.

Before that awful Judge, their sins are all laid bare,
The crimes of all mankind are deeply written there;
He holds the Book of Fate, he bids them all advance,
He pierces every breast with his all-searching glance.

Behold earth's great high priest! their pharisaic god!
He shuns the Prince of Peace, he trembles at his nod;
He crys to God for help, declares he spent the days
Allotted him below in wisdom's pleasant ways.

But O, how vain to plead, no human power can cheat
That God who views the soul while in its dark retreat;
'Tis true, while in the flesh, he talked aloud of heaven,
And at the mercy-seat prayed one day out of seven.

For filthy lucre's sake, like Baalam he has trod
The gilded ways of sin against the will of God;
In bye, unbidden paths, he led the blind astray,
Perverted gospel truths, and peddled them for pay.

Poor children of the Lord were never of his flock,
His heart against the poor was harder than a rock;
But he who knows the soul bids this high priest give
place;
He sends him thus away, without the hope of grace.

And next approaches Dives, he hopes to win his cause;
On earth the tongues of men have yielded him applause,
He always bowed his knee before the throne of grace,
And in the house of God he always filled his place.

The missionary cause on earth he did defend,
And ships to heathen lands he long had helped to send;
Whene'er their fate was told, tears started in his eyes
For those who pined in sin beneath some foreign skies.

Thus, o'er his well-filled purse religion held control,
But, O, behold his filth, his poverty of soul!
For while he stands to plead, the orphan's bitter cries,
That he has scorned to feed, behind him shall arise.

Their evidence in court must silence every doubt,
Must seal his lasting fate, must help to cast him out.
But, as the court proceeds, the truth must all unfold,
In Mammon's cause he served, he knew no God but gold;

The heathens of his house, the beggars of his town,
As objects of his hate, have all received his frown.
Though fair in speech and mien, he hath a traitor's heart,
Which fails him, while his judge commands him to depart!

Hypocrisy, at last, must ruin whom it serves,
For, God will surely mete the measure it deserves;
The power and wealth of worlds shall lessen in the scale
Where Mercy pleads in vain, where Mammon shall prevail.

But, still the trumpets sound, still on the columns roll,
Till at the judgment-bar is gathered every soul;
Behold the rich, and poor, the lowly, and the great,
Before this great Tribune their final sentence wait.

But, O, such filth and stench as mortals never knew,
Such rottenness of soul is here exposed to view!
Here Avarice, Deceit, Hypocrisy and Pride,
Self-righteousness and Lust, are gathered side by side.

But, now the final trump through heaven shall resound,
The gates of hell unbarred, her legions all unbound,
Down thence a righteous Judge commands them to depart,
They die the traitor's death, who have a traitor's heart.

'Tis true all men, at first, start in the self-same road,
But do not all obtain that high and bright abode,
For all mankind possess two natures from their birth,
The one inclines to heaven, the other clings to earth.

Thus, souls and bodies clash, though high we may
aspire,
By nature we are prone to wallow in the mire;
The body rules the soul when sinful men rebel,
Their earthly natures drag their spirits down to hell.

How oft we imitate what great and good men do,
But never seek to know the motives in their view;
Not for its own dear sake, do we support the right,
But for the show we make, in other people's sight.

But, do not care for what a wicked world may say,
This world with all its filth and sham will pass away;
But, do your every duty when and where you can,
Deal justly with your God, respect your fellow-man.

Not always by the gift of kingdoms can we claim
To be joint heirs of glory, or immortal fame;
But he who gives, or he who in the battle fights,
Should think of David, or the lowly widow's mites.

'Tis more religious thus to give the loaf of bread
With which some poor benighted fellow-man is fed,
Than sending pious books, and tracts, by scores away,
For missionary hands to spread from day to day.

And that Samaritan who saves the life of one
Poor soul whom the unfriendly Levites seek to shun,

To gain himself a crown of lasting fame, does more
Than he who wallows to a throne through streams
of gore.

And thus, reflecting leads me always to decide,
That those who with the laws of mercy have complied,
Shall be the ones who meet on Canaan's blissful shore,
When heavens and earth shall fade, and time shall be
no more.

LIGHT AND SHADE.

No life is all sunshine, no world is all brightness. There are dark spots on the sun, and there are gloomy caverns in the bleak mountains of the moon. The purest metal has its dross, and the most upright heart of man is continually prone to evil. As the roaring of the waters are still heard in the vacant chambers of the sea-shell, so the world still retains the dark traces of its origin, and still inclines towards that chaos from whence it sprung.

Roll up the scroll of ages, turn from the book of time
To God's eternal sunlight in yon celestial clime;
See heavenly hosts assembled, behold! the power divine
Convenes the court of heaven, makes known his grand design.

Countless embryo worlds within seraphic ken,
Jehovah hath designed as the abodes of men;
Ten thousand harps are strung at his supreme command,
While hallelujahs ring through heaven's immortal band.

Swift couriers on wings of lightning seem to fly,
They herald Time's approach, light all the lamps on high.

Darkness gives place to light, as starry hosts appear.
Creation's dome is lit by heaven's great chandelier.

The day-god marches forth, his banners all unfurled,
His golden armor sheds effulgence o'er the world;
Chief of the shining legions marshalled in the sky,
With his commission signed by all the powers on high.

Long centuries have rolled since first command was given
To marshal that bright host on the blue plains of heaven;
Triumphant over time, they've led a long campaign,
Without one single head-board left to mar the plain.

God guards both rank and file, with his all-seeing eye,
'Twas his firm voice first called their muster-roll on high.
He ordered their advance, o'er Eden, in her prime,
Shall order their retreat on the last shores of time.

To thee, celestial light, we lift our tongues in praise.
In thee we recognize the light of other days,
Thou morning-star of time, dawn of creation's birth,
When man was sent as God's ambassador to earth!

To thee, his bright escort, he turned with anxious gaze,
To thee he looked for light to guide his erring ways,
And, when he took his leave from Eden's hallowed ground,
He, by thy light, commenced his journey westward bound.

Exiled from Paradise, that beautiful retreat,
He girded up his loins, put sandals on his feet,
With not one look behind, he steeled his breast to fear,
And in thy light set forth, earth's greatest pioneer.

Before him, forests sink; behind him, cities rise;
His bridges span the flood, his temples reach the skies;
Before his firm advance the wilds of nature yield,
Till earth's broad acres are one cultivated field.

His navies ride the deep, where ocean surges pour;
On land, his martial tread is heard from shore to shore,
Though pestilential foes, at times, his ranks invade,
Spreading disease and death, yet is he not dismayed.

While countless legions sink, before the spear and lance,
His voice is heard above the strife, "Close up! advance!"
Fierce charges still are made, still firm commands are given,
They know the cause of man is still the cause of heaven.

For universal conquest, man first took the field;
Till that shall be accomplished, man must never yield.
Though veterans retire, fresh levies join the strife,
Who lead the sanguine charge with all the power of life.

Stop not to fortify, fear not the foe before,
While God directs the fight, and heaven is smiling o'er.
Press onward, in the right, with but this aim in view,
While there is light above, there's work on earth to do.

The harvest moon of death may ride the upper deep,
While grim mortality is sent on earth to reap,
Till earth's broad swelling bosom, pregnant with decay,
Is one great charnel-house of ages past away.

And yet God's countless children who daily have their birth,
Who gather round, and clamber o'er the lap of Mother Earth,
Who draw their daily nourishment from that fond mother's breast,
Care not how many millions may in her bosom rest.

They know that time sweeps onward to God's eternal shore,
They feel the ocean breezes, and hear the billows roar,
They see their beacons lighted by angel hands on high,
They know that God is with them, and do not fear to die.

To-day we see death's cortege move to the sombre tomb,
From whence to-morrow's sunlight dispels the shades of gloom.

The flower that's crushed and withered beneath our
feet to-day,
Shall blossom on the morrow, when we have passed
away.

All over God's broad acres bleak ridges may be seen,
Thrown up like countless ant-hills on nature's living
green;
But time, whose march is onward, shall batter every
mound
Beneath his heel of iron, till not one trace be found.

The moss-grown marble sentry awhile may watch our
pyre,
But time sends no *relief guard* when they at last retire.
The monarch of the forest again shall lift his head,
And wave his branches over the cities of the dead!

Oblivion's dark waters, time's distant shores shall lave,
Shall bury in her bosom the secrets of the grave,
Till phantoms of past ages, no longer we descry,
Save as we see their mirage reflected in the sky.

Time-bound terrestrial light hath not the power to cast
One flickering ray beyond the dark horizon of the
past.
Our midday cares our minds engage, our days are
spent in strife,
We seldom rest our eyes upon the twilight scenes of
life.

See with what matchless genius heaven's Artist has arrayed
The countless checkered scenes of earth, composed of light, and shade.
See nature's boundless canvas unrolled before our sight,
Her dark groundwork in contrast with her scenery of light.

The world's grand panorama of ocean, earth, and sky,
Shown off by God's great *foot-lights*, so charm the mortal eye,
We dwell, with fixed attention, upon a scene so fond,
And scarcely realize there is a brighter world beyond.

Far up the vast empyrean, beyond the ether blue,
Are worlds whose light is too intense for mortal eyes to view,
It even pains our vision, one moment's space to gaze
On their celestial splendor through earth's surrounding haze.

We see the countless meshes in earth's canopy of blue,
With heaven's atmospheric light forever streaming through;
We bow with adoration before the Power divine
Who, in his boundless wisdom, first ordered light to shine.

There's another source of light, self-creative, as we find,
That would seem to spring, at once, from the chaos of the mind,
Still possessing powers immortal its own beauties to impart,
Lights up the darkest intellect, and warms the coldest heart.

And, yet, this light would seem to be with darkness still allied,
Joint-tenants of this world of ours, they wander side by side.
As the diamond is but carbon, transparent, and refined,
So, intellectual light is but transparency of mind.

As we wander down the ages of the unforgotten yore,
And turn her blotted pages in search of hidden lore,
We see time's brightest magnates with minds that seem to cast
The light of inspiration o'er the pages of the past.

Stars in the literary sky, gems on the brow of night,
That seem to fill time's firmament with intellectual light,
Yet 'twas through their dark surroundings, their light so brilliant shone,
As, at times, the darkest setting best displays the precious stone.

Let us still be undeceived as to past and present worth,
Lest our eyes, at times, be dazzled by the brilliancy
of earth,
For the brightest page historic, that adorns the book
of time,
Bears finger-marks of ignorance, and crimson blots of
crime.

While Hebron's great lawgiver stood on Sinai's cloud-
capt height,
In presence of Jehovah, and surrounded by his light,
We see the stiff-necked Hebrews, far down the moun-
tain side,
Wrapt in Egyptian darkness, idolatry, and pride.

While Moses was receiving God's instructions in the
law,
In presence of Divinity, inspired with holy awe,
The songs and shouts of revelry ascended on the gale,
And from God's own chosen people sojourning in the
vale.

King Solomon, whose piety has ever been extolled
For building temples to the Lord, and paving them
with gold,
Encouraged heathen worship, as the sacred Scriptures
tell,
By dedicating altars to the heathen gods as well.

See Rome, the painted harlot, in the zenith of her
powers,
Voluptuously reclining in grand Hesperian bowers,
Robed in imperial purple, and lusting after fame,
The world is all her dower, and exalted is her name;

Her forum rings with eloquence, her sages there preside,
Bright master spirits of the age, by Romans deified;
Her warlike legions storm the Alps, her navy rules the sea,
Her golden eagle spreads his wings o'er Rome, the proud and free.

The car of triumph bears her victor chieftains through the street,
While trophies of the conqueror lie clustered at his feet;
Her altar-fires are lighted, and her clouds of incense rise,
As to her hero deities she offers sacrifice.

Lo! other hills are shaken by the battle's dire alarms,
And other nations made to feel the terror of her arms,
Still other foes, beneath her steel, in meek submission cower;
And Rome; proud Rome, rejoices in the wantonness of power.

Ah! why rejoice that Rome has filled another land
with graves,
And chained to her triumphal car another race of
slaves?
Was it for gain? she had enough of worldly wealth
before!
Was it for fame? her seven hills were drenched with
human gore!

Or, was it merely done to quench a morbid thirst
for blood?
Already had her purple veins ensanguined field and
flood!
Why do we see the Tiber rolling crimson to the
main?
Why do we hear along her banks the captive's clank-
ing chain?

And shall this harlot's virtues thus forever be extolled?
Throw down her bright escutcheon! tear off her robes,
her gold!
And see corruption fester beneath a shining mask;
Then answer all the questions that I am led to
ask.

The blackest human heart may beat beneath a regal
vest,
The very darkest intellect may wear a shining crest.

Rome was not free, her largest class of citizens were
slaves,
Who wrought in galling chains by day, confined at
night in caves.

Rome might be brave on battle-field, but when the
strife was past,
Where was her hero that could brook misfortune's bit-
ter blast?
When fate's sirocco breezes their laurelled brows had
fanned,
Afraid of life, they grasped at death with suicidal hand.

We wonder not they courted death on fields of blood
and strife,
Who fell not there was sure to fall by the assassin's
knife;
With brutal passions long inured to welcome death's
behest,
No wonder to her banquet board they came a willing
guest.

Rome trusted to her warriors to shield her martial fame,
To guard her sacred liberties, perpetuate her name.
They stained her bright escutcheon, they grasped the
fatal dart,
With bloody hands drove home the steel to her con-
fiding heart!

See strangled Roman liberties, by Roman hands expire,
While her polluted body is cast upon the pyre.
Let those who can not comprehend the moral of her doom,
Here read this truthful epitaph inscribed upon her tomb:

Those who confide their liberties to military power,
Give things which are most holy to dogs that will devour,
And they who cast these brightest pearls before the feet of swine,
Shall see their sacred liberties successively decline.

The man of blood whose breast is kindled by a martial flame,
Who cultivates the arts of war for military fame,
Is not the man on whom enlightened nations should rely
To guard their public virtues with a calm and steadfast eye.

Lured by the fame of conquest—while avarice beguiles,
They sacrifice their virtues to war's seductive wiles.
A nation thus polluted, with her liberties defiled,
Will scoff at former chastity, though frequently reviled.

While parting with the virtues she so loved in former days,
Embracing still the libertine, and shouting in his praise,
Rome prostitute to Cesar,—her garments stained with gore,—
Still gloried in the military ermine which he wore.

With her brutal passions heated,—in her frenzy of desire,—
She practiced all the cruelty her nature could inspire;
While the Roman heart delighted in scenes that should appall,
Making Rome in all her glory but a bloody butcher's stall.

Her famous amphitheatre—grand slaughter-house of yore,
Where multitudes might satiate their thirst for human gore;
Where countless gladiators join the dark arena's strife,
Contend with beasts—with fellow-men—for mastery, for life!

Where piercing shrieks of agony, from mortals who expire,
Are stifled by the loud huzzas of thousands who admire;
How dark must be the intellect to witness scenes like this,
And through depravity of heart account it earthly bliss.

Though Rome might boast of characters composed of better stuff,
Who were (to use a modern phrase) true diamonds in the rough,
They seem to lack that moral light—man's noblest attribute,
While they fostered all the passions coequal to the brute.

Nor yet alone could Rome be said to give those passions birth,
For what was true of Ancient Rome, was true of all the earth.
Turn all the pages of the past, behold them as you will,
The finger-marks of ignorance are stamped upon them still.

While Greece, in all the glory of her literary worth,
Was held in adoration by the potentates of earth,
The philosophic teachings of her many public schools
Were calculated to inspire a race of Pagan fools.

Aliens to wisdom, they professed allegiance to her cause,
They claimed an inspiration that was foreign to her laws;
On mythology they founded God's universal plan,
Ascribing to the Deity mere attributes of man.

In wisdom Athens claimed to wear the spotless robes
of fame,
'Twas her debauchery that gave pollution to the same;
Those Spartan virtues, by the world so lavishly extolled,
Were linked with vices that a world might shudder to
behold.

Though Greece might boast a warlike host of true-born
sons of Mars,
Who loved to count their victories won, and show their
bloody scars;
Although her martial captains were a class of real
braves,
Her private ranks were always filled with criminals and
slaves.

With aching limbs released from chains, and goaded to
the strife,
They'd rather die the warrior's death, than live the
captive's life.
Thus stripped of all the sophistry and garniture of
fame,
The wild exploits of warlike Greece seem rather cold
and tame.

Man loves the light of liberty—he courts the fickle
flame;
But oft and oft the prize he wins is but an empty
name;

He finds it ever true that all that glitters is not gold;
His liberties are hard to gain, and harder still to hold.

Man's domineering over man, his vain display of powers,
Destroys the growth of liberty in this dark world of ours;
It is when the light is strongest that darkest shadows fall;
'Tis where liberty seems greatest, that nations most enthrall.

'Tis from the womb of liberty that slavery has birth,
The proof of which is visible all over God's green earth;
Yes! that proud and comely matron who curls the lip of scorn,
Must still acknowledge slavery to be her truly born.

Release a man from law's restraint both human and divine,
With liberty to do just as his nature may incline,
And see his baser passions rule him with despotic sway,
While he becomes their abject slave, and hastens to obey.

We see earth's countless subjects ground with oppressive laws,
We know excess of liberty to be the only cause.
The freedom of earth's potentates, their powers unconfined,
Gives birth to all the servitude allotted to mankind.

No sooner than a nation climbs the highest round of fame,
She dons the robes of royalty, adds titles to her name;
She spurns the light of liberty—her sacred altar-fire—
Neglected flames, with pallid hues, they flicker and expire.

The brightest sun that ever blest our being with his light,
In his decline has yielded to the sombre shades of night;
The sinking sun shall rise again to light another morn,
And liberty shall rise and set on nations yet unborn!

As certain as the shades of night succeed the light of day,
So all created things in time are doomed to pass away;
Creation still is going on, and chaos still is rife,
While worlds are sinking, other worlds are springing into life.

The living man shall heap the earth above a sleeping
brother,
That sleeping dust shall rise again to recreate another;
The earth receives the forest leaves in autumn brown
and sere;
When spring returns on bough and branch those leaves
shall reappear.

That God in whom we live and move and draw our
very breath,
Hath planted in the breast of man the seeds of life and
death;
In him we place our trust, at times, in him, at times
we doubt,
Because his ways unsearchable are past our finding out.

THE TEACHER'S CALLING.

[Delivered before the Delaware County Teachers' Institute, 1861.]

It is with fear and trembling that I come before
This vast assemblage, and this heaven-favored corps;
Yet glad am I to lift my voice in this great cause,
Which through all time has merited such high applause.

O! Teachers, let us contemplate how great the due,
Which generations, past and present, owe to you;
For, has there been a calling since the world began,
Which has bestowed such high prerogatives on man?

Among no other class of mortals will you find,
Where human skill must deal so strictly with the mind;
O! would to God that all might here be made to feel
The magnitude of that with which they have to deal!

And may you realize, that the immortal soul,
The fairest boon of heaven, is under your control;
Alas! how few there are who act as if they knew
The just amount of work that Teachers have to do.

Here comes the child to school with satchel on his arm,
His inborn soul as yet knows neither good nor harm;
His youthful mind may be considered as a germ,
Which bursting from its shell, expands from term to term.

In every human breast this germ is placed with care,
And as the plant is dressed accordingly 'twill bear;
O! workman, it is yours to labor in the mine,
Where workmanship and skill shall make the treasure shine.

Within the little forms entrusted to your care,
Perhaps the choicest gems of earth lie darkling there;
Whoever in the mind's deep caverns shall explore,
Will surely strike at last a vein of golden ore.

The very finest skill this calling must employ,
So that the human mind shall suffer no alloy;
Herein do many err, and mankind feel the loss,
How many noble minds have thus been rendered dross!

O, Guardians of Youth, look well to what you do,
Know that the eye of God is firmly fixed on you!
Nor can the Teacher's calling be considered low,
While from the fount of knowledge all our blessings flow.

Old Time may roll his billows, and 'neath his bosom vast,
May bury mighty empires, may cover all the past;
The warrior's wreath may wither, his polished steel may rust,
His monument of greatness may mingle with the dust.

Although his ashes crumble within a storied urn,
When fires within his bosom forever cease to burn,
He was a man of action, and when his spirit fled,
His actions, with his body, must be forever dead.

'Tis not so with the Teacher, whose calling is refined,
Whose duty is to deal with matter and with mind;
Far o'er the gloomy waters his beacon brightly glows,
Although his mortal body be sunk in deep repose.

The leading minds of earth, by searching, you will find,
Have figured on the stage as Teachers of mankind;
The history of the world will plainly serve to show,
How far in point of truth this argument will go.

The sage philosophers of ancient Rome and Greece,
Those oracles of wisdom, worshippers of peace,
As Teachers, one and all, have added to your store,
Volumes of deepest thought, and mines of richest lore.

Though centuries have rolled since Aristotle died,
His works which were preserved, are yearly multiplied;

The treasures of his mind, his philosophic rules,
Are taught with great success in all our higher schools.

So Socrates and Plato, and Euclid, in your cause,
By making deep research established many laws!
Their teachings, which are known to every zone and clime,
Come wafting with the breeze o'er the dark waste of time.

Sir Isaac Newton gave philosophy a grace;
He taught us to explore the boundless realms of space.
The planetary system, as a Newton found,
By laws of gravitation are securely bound.

And what was Martin Luther, and Calvin, more than this?
They taught in higher schools, they taught us righteousness;
God's ministers are all commissioned by his love,
To fit our student souls for college halls above.

On Horeb's lofty brow behold a Moses stands,
And from the great I AM receives his high commands;
As Teacher of the Lord to lead the mighty host
Of chosen Israel o'er Egypt's desert coast.

And so the prophets all were Teachers sent abroad,
Proclaiming to mankind the coming of their God;

Foreknowledge had been given by which the prophets knew
The things of which they spoke, their prophecies were true.

And even Solomon, with more than earthly ken,
Sought wisdom from on high, and taught it unto men;
In lessons which he taught, in proverbs may be found,
Such mighty depths of thought as nowhere else abound.

So John the Baptist was a Teacher, sent from God;
Glad tidings which he bore were published all abroad;
There in those lonely wilds he lifted up his voice,
And multitudes, through him, had reason to rejoice.

His salary was small, his locust meat was spare,
His simple raiment was the coarsest camel's hair.
How homely was his fare, how scanty was his store!
And yet the lowly John could scarcely wish for more.

He taught that One should come who greater was than he,
Whose holy mission was to set his people free;
To raise them from the pit of darkness they were in,
To purify their souls and cleanse them from all sin.

But, lo! in Bethlehem your brightest star arose,
In all your firmament there's none so brightly glows;

O, that the Holy Ghost from heaven should descend,
To teach a fallen world on whom they might depend.

He taught upon the mount, he taught within the glen,
Poor fishermen he taught to be fishers of men;
He taught his greatest lesson on the bloody tree,
Showing that freedom is to those whom grace makes free.

And his apostles, too, commissioned from above,
Through his atoning grace, his never-ending love,
Were Teachers sent abroad proclaiming to all men,
How Jesus lived and died, and how he rose again.

They taught that worldly fame, and riches all were dross,
They taught the will of God, the glory of the cross.
And still I might produce examples great and small,
To show the Teacher's calling must be all in all.

But what I now have said will be enough to serve,
Will show how great the meed this calling must deserve.
Next let us pause and think if errors do not lay
Before the feet of those who tread this great highway.

I know 'tis often said that wisdom's holy creed
Is written out so plain that he who runs may read;
But in that rugged path lies errors you should shun,
Which you may never see if reading as you run.

You may be highly anxious, in this worthy cause,
To gain undying fame, to merit great applause;
And in your rapid strides along this narrow way,
You may be as the blind who lead the blind astray.

Your actions should be just, as well as what you teach;
So that the feeble mind may gather strength from each;
Remember, it is yours to guide the feet of youth
Along life's great highway, in the pursuit of truth.

But you should never strive to speed them on their way,
By offering a bribe you never mean to pay;
For if the least defect in you they can discern,
Whatever they detect they certainly will learn.

Don't scatter seeds of strife and discord on the air,
Don't load the youthful mind with more than it can bear;
When pining from fatigue they sink beneath their load,
Don't try to spur them on with that inhuman goad.

According to their strength give each his proper weight,
And you will find at last 'twill doubly compensate;
Make every precept plain, and make it pleasant, too,
Then what you ask of them they'll always love to do.

Don't follow in the paths of tyrannizing fools,
Who puzzle children's brains with twice ten thousand rules;
Relieve them from such cares, and make their burdens light;
Make but one simple rule, be that the rule of right.

Be early to your schools, be diligent when there,
But do not go about with that high-flaunting air;
Know that the watchful student from your ways and looks,
May learn such lessons as were never learned from books.

Be ever on your guard, think well before you act,
And should you chance to err, be willing to retract;
Your meeting with success is certain in the end,
If you can make them feel you are their truest friend.

Don't enter on your task supposing it a play,
In which young men and women pass their time away;
Who seek it as a pastime, I am very sure,
The burdens of this calling will not long endure.

'Tis only those who have the strength of nerve and soul,
To beat against the angry billows as they roll,

Who shall maintain their hold upon the upper deck,
While weaker hands are washed forever from the wreck.

The Teacher has to be the idle jest of all,
On his devoted head how many curses fall!
How very few there are who sympathy can find,
For those who bend the will and form the common mind.

But do not be dismayed, give battle for the right,
And calumny, and scorn, shall all be put to flight;
By woe and want assailed, at times you fain would yield,
And throw your armor down dishonored on the field.

But visions of the past before you will arise,
Will nerve your feeble arms and dry your weeping eyes;
Compared to others' woes, your little woe and pain
Is as a drop of water to the boundless main.

Behold what seas of grief a Moses must withstand,
To lead a chosen race to Canaan's happy land.
See, in his rush-built cradle by the rolling deep,
This great deliverer deserted in his sleep!

Next, see him stand in grief, before a Pharaoh,
Beseeching that this king would let his people go.

See in the midst of woe he cheers this chosen band,
And guides their weary feet o'er Egypt's burning sand.

See in the desert wild, how many years they fed
On manna sent from God, which was their only bread.
See Moses in his zeal for this most holy cause,
On Sinai's sacred mount receive his Maker's laws.

You should not mourn at fate, remember that the blest,
The chosen ones of God, have been the most opprest.
Know that the Son of man, the mighty Prince of earth,
Was humble in his life, was of a lowly birth.

How many days and nights he was compelled to fast,
Temptations and afflictions formed his rich repast;
He suffered cruel stripes, he suffered pain and loss,
And for the souls of men, he suffered on the cross.

Lo! when the Scribe had said, "My Master, I will go,
Will follow after thee, through every depth of woe;"
"Foxes have holes, fowls of the air have nests," he said,
"The Son of man hath not whereon to lay his head."

From those he bled to save he suffered scoffs and scorn,
They smote him with their hands, and crowned his head with thorns;

Yet turned he not away, though bitter was the cup,
He knew his Father willed that he should quaff it up.

O, Teachers, may you be as faithful to your trust.
It should suffice for you to know your cause is just;
Think when you labor, as your task is great or hard,
Precisely in proportion will be your reward.

'Tis not alone the paltry stipend you obtain,
It is not just the cents and dollars you may gain,
That should induce you to accept the Teacher's charge,
Whose smallest mandates are so heavy to discharge.

No, Teachers, you should bear in mind that wisdom pays
Her faithful advocates their due in many ways;
Permit me to digress, and take it not amiss,
That I should make a few remarks in proof of this.

You look to any land, beneath whatever zone,
Where Ignorance prevails, where Science is unknown,
Crime stalks abroad, unmasked, in open light of day,
The sable goddess, Night, bears witness of his sway.

Virtue and Truth are crushed beneath his mighty car,
He has no foe on earth his presence can not mar;
Woe follows in his wake, while Darkness leads the van;
They bear down all the nobler attributes of man.

But searchers after knowledge never fail to find
That rich repast that Wisdom offers to the mind.
Yes, work for Education with your hands and head,
She'll guide your erring feet, and watch around your bed.

Though Innocence and Virtue often fall asleep,
See Wisdom from her tower a constant vigil keep;
The destiny of nations in her hand she holds,
With every earthly blessing clinging to her folds.

O, hearken unto Wisdom, for her mighty voice
Shall give her faithful subjects reason to rejoice;
She hovers o'er your heads with healing on her wings,
She makes your heart rejoice at tidings which she brings.

Your nation's independence Ignorance denies,
But O, that sacred blessing Wisdom still supplies;
Your property and person Wisdom shall protect,
If you but know her laws and treat them with respect.

She gives you social blessings, gives you private wealth,
She gives you peace of mind, she gives you perfect health;
Nor of her smallest blessings shall you be deprived,
While you respect the source from whence they are derived.

O, Teachers, have you thought how great the recompense,
That Wisdom pays to those who fight in her defence?
Cohorts of Education! can you be aware,
How rich and broad the banquet board that you prepare?

Still it behooves that you should watch with soldier care,
That despot hordes may not approach you unaware;
So should you guard the freedom of your native soil,
That rude barbarians may never come to spoil.

From Ignorance, from Crime, and Folly, may you run,
These are the very Goths and Vandals you should shun;
Their sable pennons, deadly spears and burnished shields.
Have waved in triumph over many gory fields.

No raw recruits should Education e'er employ,
They clog your progress, and your very strength destroy;
Let none but well-tried soldiers occupy your ranks,
And every foe must yield before your strong phalanx.

You should not be as dastard slaves who fight for hire,
Let country, home, and friends, your youthful hearts inspire;

Let Wisdom be your watchword on the tented field,
Be Truth your armor, and Intelligence your shield.

And though Egyptian hosts may follow in your wake,
Though difficult the journey you are forced to take;
Although you pitch your tent at last upon the shore,
With hostile armies in your rear, and angry waves
before,

There is an eye to watch, there is a hand to guide,
There is a Power which can the mighty waves divide;
Relying on that Power, and guided by that hand,
You all shall pass in safety to the Promised Land.

THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.

When life's rough journey we begin, with minds so
free from care,
We little dream that seas of grief may roll their billows
there;
But in the happy morn of life, when all around is
bright,
We hail the golden orb of day unconscious of the night.

Dark clouds of grief may gather o'er, still onward we
descry
Where all is beautiful and fair beneath an azure sky;
There never was a youth but had his castles built in
air,
Though all the world was dark beside, his mind was
happy there.

He thought his path beset with thorns, but when those
years had fled,
He knew those many childish cares would not disturb
his head.

Time flies, the youth becomes a man, his daily cares
increase,
Still looking forward he can view the outstretched
arms of peace.

He thinks to pass his latest years away from care and
strife,
And in the quiet shades of home, to close the scenes
of life.
Old age comes on, the frost of years has gathered o'er
his brow,
His hopes of earthly happiness have all forsook him
now.

His hair is silvered o'er with age, his cheeks are
blanched with care,
His eyes have lost their lustre bright, and have a
vacant glare.
Thus in the evening of his days he views his jour-
ney o'er,
He calls to mind the scenes of youth, alas! they are
no more.

Those visionary pleasures were all too bright to last,
He saw them in the future, he views them in the past;
Bright hopes of earthly pleasures for him no longer
bloom,
His friends have gone, in sorrow, to yonder silent
tomb.

The remnant of his journey may well be lone and drear,
Since none are left to comfort, or dry up sorrow's tear.
His feeble limbs are growing cold, his journey now is o'er,
He knows the messenger of death is waiting at the door.

The blood is freezing in his veins, he has resigned his breath,
And past the bounds of earthly pains, his eyes are sealed in death.
Such is the course of human life, and such affliction's wave;
No calm for mortals here below, no rest but in the grave.

THE WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR IS HARD.

When first the great Jehovah made man, out of the dust,
And placed him in the garden, the upright and the just,
The breath he then imparted made man a living soul,
With animated nature placed under his control.
There stood the man, creation's lord, with sceptre in his hand,
His strictest orders were to keep Almighty God's command.
He could not wish to break the law, well knowing if he fell,
Before him yawned the jaws of death, the miseries of hell.
There, blessed with all the bounties that heaven could bestow,
Why seek to taste the fountain of everlasting woe?
None but the wiles of Satan, a traitor from his birth,
Could cause a war in heaven, or rebellion upon earth,

But, lo! this fiend of darkness, the woman now beguiles,
He sees the fatal fall of man, and at his sorrow smiles.
Man fell by his transgression, how terrible the fall,
To lose his whole possession, bring sin and death on all!
The image of his Maker must now resign his breath,
Destined to see corruption, and feel the pangs of death.
No more to serve and love HIM, their Everlasting God,
As hell's eternal captives, they tremble at his nod.
The grave shall be the dwelling for his repulsive shell,
While all that is immortal must seek the depths of hell,
There, with the fiends of darkness, to dwell for evermore,
Plunged in the lake of torment, in vain they seek the shore.
Mid hell's dark lurid billows, the soul shall be entombed,
In waves of fire and sulphur, though burning unconsumed.
Shut from the light of heaven, and all that's bright and fair,
Cast into utter darkness, the victims of despair,
Where God shall empty on them the vessels of his ire,
To burn the vile transgressors in everlasting fire.

THE DYING YEAR.

The golden sun has gone to rest.
As he was sinking in the west
His face grew pale, as if with fear,
While gazing on the dying year.

And, as he saw that they must part,
He thus displayed a warmth of heart,
But could not stop, or even lend
Assistance to his dying friend.

But bade adieu, and left him there,
The ghastly victim of despair;
Alone to draw his latest breath,
A prey to darkness, and to death.

His care-worn soul thus takes its flight,
Surrounded by the shades of night;
And so must fall, as it appears,
One from the brotherhood of years.

His many friends their voices swell,
And of his former greatness tell.
But, then, why need they idly prate?
Those words of kindness come too late.

Though much neglected in his youth,
He, in his precepts, spoke the truth;
As sad experience, still, can tell
The lessons which she teaches well.

His morning sun rose bright, and high,
With regal splendor filled the sky;
His brightest moments swiftly passed,
His night of death has come at last.

But as they wrapped him in his shroud,
The wintry winds were howling loud;
With all the world so cold, and drear,
He could not wish to tarry here.

Thus pass the years, and still, we find
They scarcely leave a trace behind,
Save on the furrowed brow of care;
Their names are deeply written there.

A single year—how short the space!
Mere speck on Time's deluded face.
And Time, whose race seems nearly run,
Is but eternity begun.

THE RICH AND POOR.

True, there are those who think the rich man surely
blest,
Who envy him his golden plumes, and downy nest;
Who view the rich man's course as one of constant joy,
Where troubles never come, and sorrows ne'er annoy.

But, were the secret caverns of his heart laid bare,
And could they view the many channels worn by care,
Could they but know the inward feelings of his soul,
Where boundless seas of grief their mighty billows
roll,

They then might know, that underneath a regal vest,
Full many times, there heaves a sad and troubled
breast.
The massive crown may rest upon the royal head,
Which constantly may tremble with excessive dread.

It hath been said, by those whom God hath taught to
know,
That human love for gold will foster every woe;

And so, should we possess the wealth this world contains,
We then should likewise have a world of cares, and pains.

The rich man swells with pride, and gloats upon his store,
And yet, the starving poor go empty from his door;
The beggar asking alms, he passes coldly by,
And from his filthy rags, he turns a scornful eye.

He fears alike, the poor, the robber, and the knave;
And thus, he proves to be the honest poor man's slave.
Whene'er he walks abroad, such idle fears attend,
He looks upon the world, but can not see a friend.

He feels his bloated wealth has proved to be a curse;
The petty thief feels not for him, but for his purse;
And in his breast of steel, there dwells no human love;
He dies a wretched death, assigned no place above.

But in his narrow house, the earthworm's banquet hall,
Takes up his last abode, close wrapped within his pall.
'Tis said he there can sleep secure from all his foes,
But, ah! what troubled dreams disturb his last repose!

Perhaps he there may dream of widows' tears, and sighs;
Perhaps he there may hear the starving orphans' cries.

There's not a wretch on earth, the vilest of his race,
In such a state as this, could wish to take his place.

Though many seek for wealth, yet those who seek shall find,
That wealth can ne'er bestow tranquillity of mind;
Their coffers may o'erflow, and yet, they find no rest;
The poverty of soul still rankles in the breast.

Though none may seem to envy the poor his humble lot,
Yet providential blessings may smile around his cot.
Engaged in honest labor, the sweat rolls from his brow,
He envies not his neighbor, but speeds the noble plough.

Earth yields to him her bounties, he seeks no greater wealth,
His head is crowned with honor, his cheeks are flushed with health;
He shunneth not the pauper, who begs from door to door,
But shelters him in pity, and shares with him his store.

The widow, and the orphan, God places in his care,
His brawny arm will keep them from sinking in despair.
His manly heart and noble soul, his actions all reveal,
His crown is safe from moth and rust, where thieves go not to steal.

THE MOUNTAIN OAK

A BRAVE old oak, a warrior tried,
Deep rooted in the mountain side,
In solemn grandeur widely spread
His leafless branches o'er my head.
With honest pride upon his form I gazed,
I read his epitaph, awed, and amazed;
He stood a towering monument sublime,
The last survivor of the wreck of time.

There, deeply written on his face,
Was all the history of his race;
Their deeds of valor, battles won,
Their rising, and their setting sun.
It told how they, for countless ages, stood
The dauntless soldiers of the mighty wood;
Through many storms their verdant plumes had tossed,
With not one banner stained, one soldier lost.

They might have triumphed yet, but, O,
The battle-axe has laid them low!
Among the slain, both fire and brand
Were scattered by a hostile hand;

Flames seize the dead, mèlt every coat of mail,
And sow their ashes on the rising gale;
And far and wide, o'er all the blackened coast,
This oak alone, is spared of all the host.

The brave old oak, with giant form,
Had bid defiance to the storm;
But gaping wounds, both deep and wide,
Were in the forest monarch's side.
Not even he escaped the shafts of Mars;
His form was marked with countless wounds, and scars.
The bolts of Jove had spent their strength on him,
Had seared his trunk, and reft him of a limb.

And still the forest chief remains,
The life-blood coursing in his veins,
Till scars and years at last allied,
Have checked the current of their tide;
And still the mountain oak, though sear and dead,
Holds high in air his tempest-beaten head;
Though youth, and friends, and life has passed away,
There stands the oak, still noble in decay.

NATURE'S RAMPARTS.

Lo! nature's ramparts are the giant hills which stand
Impregnable, a shield to freedom's chosen band.
Thine are the walls, O, nature! that a God has formed,
The sacred battlements oppressors ne'er have stormed.
Safely intrenched with thee, fair freedom loves to dwell,
Thou did'st inspire the soul of patriotic TELL.
The eagle, when pursued, to thee directs her eyre,
She gains thy heaven-born crags, she rests her pinions there.
There, on thy summit hoar, where vapor hangs like shrouds,
The exiled chief may hold communion with the clouds;
To climb thy rugged walls, base hirelings never dare,
No fiendlike yells of slaves disturb thy midnight air.
The chieftain there may sleep, roused by no foeman's tramp,
The very rocks and trees stand sentry in his camp;
His camp-fire is the moon which rolls above his head,
His blanket is the moss, the rock his downy bed,

His only colors are the starry fields above,
Fit emblems of the free, of liberty, and love.
The elements may war, the thunder-drum may roll,
But can not terrify his patriotic soul;
Still fires of freedom burn within his bosom warm,
He views the God of peace still smiling through the storm.
And still within those walls may liberty abound;
Be nature's lovely brow with fairest trophies crowned.
The warring tribes of earth shall vanish, one by one,
Their noonday glory fades, low sinks their setting sun;
But nature's ramparts stand as monuments sublime,
And rear their giant heads above the wreck of time.
O, nature, thou art blessed with battlements secure!
The exile finds, in thee, a faithful friend, and sure.
The hostile hosts of earth may gather on the plain,
May charge against thy base, and yet they charge in vain.
Long shall thy hills remain as strongholds of the free,
Impregnable to all except the POWERS THAT BE.
But still there is a time when nature's ramparts all,
Shall melt with fervent heat, and from their basis fall.
But, till that time, O, hills! rear up your princely heads,
Cast back the ocean waves, confine them in their beds;

Let not the liquid flames that smoulder in your breasts,
Consume the diadems that glitter on your crests;
Preserve the royal robes of all the hues, and shades,
That crown your lofty brows, and deck the everglades;
While odors of your breath give nobler virtues birth,
Men shall acknowledge you as monarchs of the earth.

THE DIGNITY OF HONEST LABOR.

SUBJECT.—All men are destined to labor—all men do labor—it is far easier to pursue honest labor than dishonest labor—besides there is dignity and majesty in honest labor that raises man almost to a god.

'TIS plainly, in the Scriptures, to be found,
That man was made to dress and till the ground;
And while he dwelt in Eden's lovely bowers,
His duty was to tend the fruit and flowers.

To live from labor free, has well been tried,
Both wealth, and craft, for this has been applied;
But sluggard man, compelled his breath to draw,
Can't change the smallest sentence of God's law.

Show me a single man on earth, who lives,
And ne'er his mind or body labor gives,
And I'll show you, in him, through nature's screen,
A miracle the world has never seen.

Shall idleness be laid, without a cause,
To senators, and men who make our laws,
Whose brains are racked, who sceptre minds must wield,
As well as those who fight on battle-field?

Attorneys o'er their midnight oil, prepare
That brief which costs them hours of search, and care.
Who call them idle, by their speech confess
How little real knowledge they possess.

Physicians labor to perform their part,
To elevate self noble healing art;
How bend they o'er the couch where life and death,
Appear to ebb and flow at every breath.

Even the thief who seeks for midnight spoil,
Pursues the very hardest kind of toil;
He labors in the night while others rest,
By day unceasing fears disturb his breast.

The beggar labors, as from door to door
He begs the humble pittance of your store.
Some deem it idleness, but, O, 'twould be
The very hardest kind of toil for me!

When chilling storms assail him with their darts,
When keenest hunger gnaws his vital parts,
He finds no shelter but the open shed,
The cold damp earth to pillow up his head.

Yes! all must labor, still 'tis very true
That some but little labor seem to do.
I know 'tis said the thief, the rascal, lives,
Who ne'er a single hand to labor gives.

But see him work,—his hands, his tongue, his feet,
Are all employed some honest man to cheat.
It takes the shrewdest man to play the clown;
So, idlers are the busiest men in town.

Although dishonest men may seem to glide
Without one effort, smoothly with the tide,
Yet in their course lie rugged rocks, and shoals,
Their ships are wrecked, and ruined are their souls.

What are the rocks, and shoals of life? you ask.
To answer this, be mine the pleasant task.
Adversity, that solemn rock of death,
Is one where thousands draw their latest breath.

The guilty conscience is a shoal in life,
Where suicides by thousands end the strife.
The convict's cell, the damp, unhealthy floor,
Where multitudes have sunk to rise no more.

The keeper's scourge, the prisoners there must feel;
There all must labor for the public weal.
Such the reward dishonest labor gives,
Unworthy of the vilest wretch that lives.

But honest labor plays another part;
Gives peace and plenty to the honest heart,
Pictures deception to the candid view,
Shows up the world in all her colors true.

Behold the farmer in his daily toil,
His highest aim to cultivate the soil;
From morn till eve he treads the vernal sod,
Exalted man, blest image of his God.

His golden sceptre is the mighty plow;
This is the cross to which all nations bow.
Of all professions this the more refined,
Tend most to elevate the human mind.

For, while he labors with perspiring face,
The bread of industry he eats with grace.
From early spring, till winter snows shall fall,
He tills the earth, blessed mother of us all.

'Tis seed-time, and the farmer sows the field,
He looks to God to give the promised yield;
The sun, and dews of heaven shall impart
New warmth, and life to nature's icy heart.

While, from the bosom of the same bright earth
Which gives to man his nourishment, and birth,
The seeds, and plants, that husbandmen have dressed,
Receive their food from Mother Nature's breast.

O, husbandman! thy calling is supreme,
For thee creation's light was made to gleam;
Earth's richest viands on thy table spread,
Sweet be thy sleep, for downy is thy bed.

Hands at the forge, and anvil may be found,
Like secondary planets to abound,
With honest hearts, and dignity of soul,
Who can the very elements control.

And there are those who run the plane and saw,
Pleased to comply with nature's honest law;
While bending o'er the bench with eyes so clear,
Show there is dignity in every sphere.

The shepherd, on the rugged mountain side,
Surveys his flock with dignity and pride;
The rocks, the hills, the orbs that o'er him roll,
Do all conspire to elevate his soul.

Through nature's carpet in his lone retreat,
Are crystal fountains gushing at his feet;
While flowery dells are far beneath him spread,
Bright is the dome that arches overhead.

The sailors, as they plough the mighty main,
And leave no furrow on the boundless plain,
Pause not to think how many hearts, and true,
Are now at rest beneath the ocean blue.

Wherever duty leads, their course they steer,
Through calm, and storm, to regions far or near;
Bright waters clave beneath the vessel's prow,
While perspiration rolls from every brow.

There on the rolling deep devoid of care,
The mariner consumes his homely fare,
While sluggard thoughts ne'er occupy his head,
Contented thus to earn his daily bread.

Nor is the man who labors with the hod,
One whit the lower in the sight of God,
Than they who mighty realms, and empires own,
Who sway the rod, and occupy the throne.

That man who labors with this end in view,
Bound every honest duty to pursue,
It matters not his station, or his birth,
Possesses all the real majesty of earth.

STORM AND SUNSHINE OF BOYHOOD;

OR, TWO SIDES TO THE PICTURE.

Though bright is the sunshine of boyhood,
Yet all is not pleasant to him,
For the smallest of clouds that arises,
His brightest of moments may dim.

I know that the rambling school-boy
Has innocent joy in his heart,
While he plays with his ball in the meadow,
Or shoots with his cross-gun, or dart.

To wade in the mud, and the water,
To him, is a source of delight,
He loves to be fishing, and sporting,
He loves to be flying the kite.

His spool-tops, his wagons and horses,
His play-house, his hoop, and his cart,
His water-wheel; wind-mill; and hand-sleigh;
Can moments of pleasure impart.

He loves to be skating, and sliding,
He loves to be rolling in snow,
To see him, in all his amusements,
You'd think him a stranger to woe,

And now, we have looked on the bright side,
As people most commonly do;
But, let us turn over the picture,
The dark side is present to view.

The school-house, to him, is a prison,
That weighs down his spirits with care;
He considers his teacher a turnkey,
For guarding, and keeping him there.

He sits on the bench in the corner,
And fumbles the leaves of his book,
For which he receives, from the teacher,
A perfectly barbarous look.

Or, perhaps on his slate he draws pictures,
Or whispers, or laughs, through mistake,
And, as a reward for so doing,
He gets but a cuff, and a shake.

Or, should he, at times, be rebellious,
Or, any ways caught in the lurch,
He receives, from the hands of the teacher,
A smart application of *birch*.

Though forced to submit, yet, in silence
He curses the despot who stands,
In the shape of a teacher, before him
With rod of correction in hands.

O, how I can sympathize with him,
Yet, sympathy here is all vain;
Though he fears neither man, or the devil,
He trembles at sight of the *cane.*

In limb, and in joint he is shaking,
His eyes are but fountains of tears;
No promise for future will save him
A cuff, or a pull at the ears.

I have many times thought, as Old Nick
Has oceans of sulphur to spare,
In the gloomiest regions of Tophet,
The teacher was sure of a share.

He deals out his vengeance unsparing,
The school-boy, with visage forlorn,
Beholds his last moments approaching,
And has to "*acknowledge the corn.*"

Poor martyr, his woes they are many,
His pleasures are fleeting, and few,
O, Wisdom! behold what the school-boy
Is destined to suffer for you.

And thus you will find, in all pictures,
The bright side presented to view;
But be sure that you turn the leaf over,
That nought shall be hidden from you.

WEALTH AND WISDOM;

OR, THE WISE ARE ALWAYS RICH.

[Delivered before the Delaware County Teachers' Association, at its Semi-annual Meeting, 1862.]

"Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding; for the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold."

KING SOLOMON thus spake, while round his shining throne,
Rich drapery of gold magnificently shone;
And who could better judge than he, who from his youth
Had worshipped at the shrine of wisdom and of truth.

He prayed that he might have an understanding heart,
In the affairs of men wisely to bear his part;
For, though he wore the crown, although he swayed the rod,
He knew that human wisdom must be born of God.

God listened to his prayer, he granted his desire,
He filled the monarch's soul with wisdom's holy fire;
In judgment he was wise, in council he was true,
More than all earth beside 'tis said this monarch knew.

Jerusalem, made glad, blew loud the trump of fame,
Both over sea and land they heralded his name;
His Proverbs went abroad, his Songs on every tongue,
His fame through every land by every one was sung;

His navy rode the deep, freighted with golden ore,
Yes, Ophir's yellow sand was added to his store;
Vast temples which he built he overlaid with gold,
While all that he possessed was of the richest mould.

In forty thousand stalls his chariot horses fed,
Twelve thousand horsemen watched the nodding of his head;
While Solomon was king it scarcely could be told,
In which he most excelled—his wisdom or his gold.

But let us now decide, when centuries have fled,
Jerusalem's proud king is sleeping with the dead;
Where now is all the gold he hoarded in his prime?
It perished ages since, yes, by the rust of time.

His stalls are vacant now, no horsemen smack the thong,
No char'oteers are seen wheeling their course along,
Clouds from his char'ot wheels have long since rolled away,
His own Jerusalem is stricken with decay.

But still his songs are sung in every tongue and age;
They stand in bright array on history's sacred page;
And while his Proverbs stand as monuments sublime,
His wisdom shall survive the awful wreck of time.

He sleeps with all his pomp, and all his proud array,
Within his narrow cell, his prison-house of clay;
His life and death have proved his Proverbs true to be,
Then let his noble precepts serve both you and me.

Let us not join the chase with those who run for wealth,
Dispensing with their years, their honor and their health;
For while they clutch the prize which hath not power to save,
They read with streaming eyes their summons to the grave.

Although we know the rich are beggars in the tomb,
Although God's holy law reveals to us their doom,
We weep around their bier, we follow in their train,
We mount their fiery steeds and give ambition reign!

While cities disappear, lo! others take their birth,
And revel for a while with all the show of mirth;
But man, whose years are few, has scarcely run his race,
Before his greatest works have crumbled to the base.

Behold the scythe of time is sweeping at our back,
It leaves us like the grass to wither in its track;
While many of us bow before the golden calf,
Behold, our garnered wealth is scattered like the chaff.

Our hearts do often bleed for wealth, our heart's desire,
Which quenches every spark of pure celestial fire;
Yes, Mammon like a sluice drains virtue from the soul,
Steals all its native wealth and holds it in control.

But wisdom, like the star that shone in Bethlehem,
Shines with celestial light in nature's diadem;
The Fates may all combine her beauties to deform,
But being born of God she rides above the storm.

Look o'er the waste of time, and all appears so dark,
You nothing can behold, save here and there a spark;
But by each little light most plainly you can tell
The sage philosopher is sitting in his cell.

Old blear-eyed Homer now appears to beg no more,
He sits beneath the vine at his own cottage-door;
Although his locks are white, his heart is big with joy,
For still he loves to sing the noble Siege of Troy.

John Milton, once so blind, new vision has obtained,
The Paradise he lost new Paradise has gained;

Cynic Diogenes basks in the light of day,
Though Alexander's throne has tumbled to decay.

Those ancient sages all appear in robes of white,
Like lamps that are well trimmed they yield a mellow light;
Or like the crystal fount where wisdom's waters rise,
Each has his little source replenished from the skies.

O, at the present day had we the power to make
A tour around the world, a just survey to take;
Over the human race could we but have control,
To tear their trappings off, unbosom every soul,—

Ye gods, the woeful sight would make the strongest quake,
Would make the hardest heart with soft'ning pity shake!
Within the richest form the soul with hunger cries;
Yes, Mammon tries in vain to check her stifled sighs.

While wisdom clothes the soul, and gives her food and health,
She sinks a sickened dwarf beneath the power of wealth;
O wisdom, at thy shrine let us resolve to bow,
May heaven give us strength to keep our sacred vow

But it has been affirmed that all can not be wise,
That wisdom is not giv'n to all beneath the skies;

That all have not the chance to enter college halls,
To read the wise inscriptions written on her walls.

There are, if we may judge from actions, speech and looks,
Those who think wisdom is acquired alone from books.
How little do they think that God all wisdom is,
That wisdom dwells in all, because all things are his.

Yes, water, fire and air, the rugged mountain peaks,
Are stages all, from which the God of wisdom speaks.
No man is there so deaf but wisdom's voice may hear,
If he but condescend to turn a willing ear.

Besides, 'tis clearly seen that very many fools,
Have taken their degrees in colleges and schools.
Learn all you can from books, 'twill do much good indeed,
But nature's mammoth book 's a book we all should read.

But what does nature teach that we may all desire?
What knowledge can she give, that we should all acquire?
Why! nature teaches all that books have ever taught,
The wise have ever wrote, the wise have ever thought.

All wisdom, I have said, must come from her alone;
Whether to grace the cot, or decorate the throne.

Lo! each existing thing, from mountains to the mite,
Teaches a useful lesson, if 'tis learned aright.

The lily of the field, our Lord was heard to say,
Excelled earth's richest king in all his proud array;
For lo! she stood arrayed in colors all her own,
Casting her richest odors round her native throne.

She is acknowledged queen of all the floral race,
And yet she wears the crown with modesty and grace.
Her lesson teaches us that purity of heart,
With modesty of form, excels the show of art.

Lo! nature's leaves are spread, the type is large and plain,
We should not shut our eyes, nor treat her with disdain;
The peasant in his cot, the shepherd with his crook,
Will often sit and con pages of nature's book.

All those who wish to learn what nature doth impart,
Must open ears and eyes, the portals of the heart;
Lo! nature bids you come, she opens wide her arms,
Who fly to her embrace may revel in her charms.

Go to Siloam's rill, pause on her flowery brink,
Her sweetest waters are inviting you to drink;
With banks of living green she pillows up your head,
While Sharon roses form the curtains round your bed.

She gives you sweet repose, then bids you on your way,
For fairest flowers of earth shall blossom but a day.
From nature's crystal fount the vilest wretch may sip,
'Tis cheering to the soul, 'tis honey to the lip.

Go drink the pleasant draught, 'twill heighten your
desires,
'Twill lift the thoughts to heaven to which the soul
aspires;
Search out the ways of earth, by searching you will
find,
How much her many ways are fashioned like mankind.

Night wraps her sable folds around the mother earth,
Who labors on her couch, to give the morrow birth;
When, lo! the morning breaks, the painful task is done,
The anxious mother now beholds her infant son.

Heaven sends her choicest breeze to fan the mother
now,
While perspiration stands in drops upon her brow;
Night quenches all her thirst with moisture from the
sky,
The fever-heat of day will leave her parched and dry.

And still night gives her rest, her aching brow restores,
Still the cool sweat of life issues from all her pores;
Summer and winter but as day and night appear,
While spring and autumn are as twilights of the year.

In spring she issues forth in all her rich array,
Her queenly form is dressed in royal robes of May;
She passes thus the day, but lo! there cometh night,
The winter snow shall be her sleeping-gown of white.

How many times she quakes as with excessive pain,
To tell us where she aches, she seems to strive in vain;
When lo! she finds a tongue, a mouth to vent her ire,
From which she vomits forth torrents of liquid fire.

Nature would seem possessed with feelings like our own,
At times she seems to laugh, at times she seems to moan;
Oft when she weeps you hear the thunder-bell's deep toll,
While fiery bolts of Jove are shot from pole to pole.

Both man and beast appear as stricken now with dread,
As if they all had stood in presence of the dead;
All nature now puts on a scowl of deep despair,
Her bitter wailings sound most dismal in the air.

You see the forest trees shook by her stifled sighs,
You see her clouds are hung like draperies in the skies,
You see a flood of tears shed from some weeping eye,
You see the mournful train, but see no hearse go by.

But, lo! her clouds dispersed, again she looks as gay
As when light first broke forth, and chaos rolled away;

All nature seems to smile, the dark-eyed earth looks glad,
To see her sisterhood in shining vesture clad.

Earth dons a floral garb that's neither old nor plain,
Yet of her queenly looks she is not proud or vain;
Though time has been at work, her pulse still beating high,
Seems to roll back his wheels, and all his force defy.

But here she seems to be unlike the human race,
Who flash like meteors, then vanish into space;
She is not vain, like man, though richly she is drest,
For, see what wealth untold she treasures in her breast.

Go to her mines, her caves, dive in the mighty deep,
For treasures rich and rare within her bosom sleep;
Yes, many fathoms down her coral gardens grow,
Beneath the roughest waves the brightest ambers glow.

Then worship not your gold, 'tis vanity, 'tis sin,
Look not to outward show, but turn your thoughts within;
See nature's banner spread before you as you pass,
See on her sacred folds inscribed, "All flesh is grass."

This all must realize when on life's summit hoar,
They stand and view the vast eternity before.
That fatal summit all are sure to reach at last,
Whatever course they take, should they go slow or fast.

Far up the misty height sweet happiness appears,
Beguiling all our cares, saluting us with cheers;
To every human eye she wears a pleasing dress,
For all mankind appears to value her caress.

The miser tries to win this goddess with his store,
He presses up the height, bearing his yellow ore,
His aching limbs support his massive purse of gold,
'Tis like a ball of snow, that gathers as 'tis rolled.

He gains the brow at last, this goddess now appears
Not what she seemed when viewed through the dark
mist of years.
He finds that happiness itself is wealth untold,
And is not bought with things corruptible as gold.

Ah! now he seems to cast a lingering look behind,
But finds no ray of hope to cheer his anxious mind;
He stands and views with grief the horrors of the
grave,
He feels the chilling breath of Jordan's troubled wave.

That Mammon has proved false, you'd hear him now
declare,
Deserted as he stands, the victim of despair.
He heaves one bitter sigh, he casts one look before,
He takes the fearful leap, and life with him is o'er.

Beyond this world of ours, I ask you not to go,
For we design to speak no further than we know.

Look o'er the miser's life, and tell me, if you can,
What joys he here possess'd desirable to man;

What earthly cheer was his more than the poor may claim?
He'd clothing, food, and drink,—have not the poor the same?
The wealth that he possessed made him the more a slave,
It doubled all his cares, but had not power to save.

He nightly on his couch saw harbingers of fear,
And in his troubled dreams imagined robbers near;
Now that his soul must sink when life becomes a wreck,
'Twere better that a millstone hanged about his neck!

Although the man of wisdom takes the same ascent,
He follows not the path in which the miser went.
Sweet happiness, which seems to bless his earthly store,
Sits by his scanty board, stands smiling at his door;

She guides his steps by day, at night she gives him rest;
She hovers round his head; she dwells within his breast;
Now on the mountain's brow, he sees her take her stand,
And while he looks she seems to beckon with her hand.

He needs no hoarded wealth expenses to defray,
His own right arm shall pluck subsistence by the way;
True wisdom is his staff, his purse, his scrip, his meat,
'Tis clothing to his back, 'tis sandals to his feet;

His pilgrimage is made, life's summit is attained,
Five talents which he had, five talents more have gained;
His wisdom has increased, his works have all been blest,
He for his stewardship receives eternal rest.

Wealth claims us for a day, deserts us with our breath,
But wisdom gained in life shall not be lost in death!
This is what we believe, and is the ground on which
We venture to affirm, the wise are always rich!

Gold glitters on the man, like bubbles on the stream,
Before misfortune's breath 'twill vanish like a dream;
But as the ambers glow down in the ocean's bed,
So wisdom's constant light illumines heart and head.

When death refines all men, does wisdom suffer loss?
No! it retains its weight, while wealth all goes to dross.
Let wisdom be our standard weight and measure then,
By which we weigh, and measure, properties of men.

We measure just the man, and not what he commands;
We measure not his wealth, his houses, and his lands;

For many men, if weighed with all the clothes they
wear,
You'd find you'd have to dock at least one half for
tare.

The real worth of gold depends upon its use,
Though harmless of itself, how horrid its abuse!
Our love of money seems to foster every care,
Makes earth a scene of woe, and leaves us what
we are.

True wisdom gives to wealth what power she has for
good,
While wisdom reigns supreme where Mammon never
could;
Gold fills the prison-house; builds up our public schools;
'Tis manna to the wise, 'tis brimstone unto fools!

Then happy is the man who walks in wisdom's ways,
Who estimates his gold no further than it pays
Toward elevating man in this sublunar sphere,
By satisfying wants that must attend us here.

Who measures powers of men by knowledge they pos-
sess,
Without the least regard for majesty of dress;
For weighing by this scale, all men at last will find
There are no riches, save the riches of the mind.

AN ADDRESS TO UNION COLLEGE,

MY ALMA MATER.

Old Union thy shades are still sacred,
And traitor of traitors I'd be,
If, in life's busy round, I neglected
To pay my devotion to thee.

Thy sons, though their numbers are legion,
By thee, have been kindly caressed;
From dwarfs they have grown to be giants
On milk which they drew from thy breast.

From that same inexhaustible fountain
I claimed a diminutive share;
She gave me the jewel of jewels,
And now let me use it with care.

She gave me the chart, and the compass,
She marked out the course I should steer;
With Wisdom for lading, and ballast,
She bade me have nothing to fear.

Like Columbus, through life's troubled waters,
We voyage to regions unknown;
Shall we trust to the breeze that may waft us
To torrid, or temperate zone?

O, no! if we look to the compass,
Which ever is true to the pole,
We shall ride o'er the waters in safety,
Though angry the billows may roll.

The gray-looking walls of Old Union,
May boast of her having giv' birth
To the very first men of our nation,
To some of the giants of earth.

Her groves are the fairest, and sweetest,
Her gardens are lovely to view,
Her flowers, with the fragrance of Eden,
Are drinking the heavenly dew.

Old Union! thy son shall be faithful
Whatever his fortune may be;
His tongue shall be ever declaring
His heartfelt devotion to thee.

A TRUE FRIEND.

We have many feigned friends, and yet we've but few
That shall prove, when tried, to be honest and true;
There are those who may seek us when fortune shall smile,
Who may kindly caress us, and strive to beguile.

There are those who court favor and flatter for gain,
You may trust in their friendship, but trusting is vain;
Though words smooth as oil on their tongues may abound,
When adversity comes they are not to be found.

But give me the friend that will stand by my side,
When fortune shall frown, and mankind shall deride;
Give me one who would fain, from his own scanty store,
Divide his last crust with the starving and poor.

When such we have found, may we never depart
From friendship which holds him so dear to the heart;
Rich or poor though he be, he is never the worse,
'Tis the size of his soul—and not of his purse.

ONTARIO.

Ontario! whose rugged breast
The sails of commerce have caressed;
One century ago, ye knew
Naught save the red man's rough canoe.
The child of nature, with his oar,
Then row'd along thy rugged shore,
In search of game for that which erst
Should seek thy shore to quench his thirst—
Where forest shades, to every surge,
Would echo back a fearful dirge,
As maddening billows, with a roar,
Would dash in fragments on the shore.
Those rock-bound shores no more are seen
Arrayed in robes of nature's green;
That lone canoe has sunk to sleep
Within the caverns of the deep.
The red man, brave of heart and hands,
Now rests secure in spirit lands.
By him unheeded are the waves,
He's sleeping with his kindred braves.

New towns and cities deck thy shore
Where wild beasts roved in days of yore;
And commerce, with defiant sail,
Spreads wide her canvass to the gale.

OSWEGO, *Dec.* 1*st*, 1858.

THE GATHERING STORM.

Lo! in yon azure vault of heaven the dark'ning clouds
arise,
And by the western winds are driven athwart the sum-
mer skies.
Those clouds obscure the rays of light and cast a gloom
around,
The booming thunder from afar brings terror in the
sound;
Fierce storm-fiends howl in every blast, as onward they
are driven,
They can not find a refuge in the canopy of heaven.
The lightning's vivid flash is seen descending from on
high,
Where black'ning clouds in anger roll like billows thro'
the sky—
The forest oak, proud monarch, is severed in the blast,
He oft defied the tempest—it has conquered him at
last;
The wild beast, fearing danger, starts upward from his
lair,
He seeks a place of safety but can not find it there.

The ploughman fleeth homeward as from a demon's
wrath,
He dare not face the storm-king, or cross him in his
path.
All animated nature is silent as the dead,
While rides the Great Jehovah in triumph overhead.
The rain descends in torrents, the winds no longer
blow,
Each unassuming river grows rapid in its flow.
But lo! the storm is over—the bow of promise stands
A gift from Him who holdeth all power in his hands.
We thank thee, Great Creator, in whom we rest se-
cure,
Thy promise never faileth, thy words are ever sure.

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

The morn breaks in splendor, the sun is on high,
Pursuing in grandeur his course through the sky;
Our vessel is freighted, and ready to sail,
Long hours we have waited for light, and the gale.

As we loose from our moorings no billows are seen
To roll on the breast of the ocean serene;
With canvas expanding we speed from the shore
Into waters we never have sailed in before.

Our log-books may show us the course we pursue,
When lands we have left shall recede from the view;
But who shall inform us what course we must take?
What time we shall sail in? what port we shall make?

The day has been pleasant, but far in the west,
With pallor the day-god retires to his rest;
As night folds around us her mantle of gloom,
Dark clouds gather o'er us revealing our doom.

The night-wind's low murmur proclaims to the ear,
That a storm is approaching and danger is near;
The waves are increasing, our vessel is tossed;
Each man to his station, or all will be lost!

Storm-demons are howling a dirge o'er the wavs,
Which may be ere morning the mariner's grave,
The tempest is rending sail, rigging, and shroud,
While billows are roaring both fearful and loud.

All night amid breakers, surrounded with gloom;
We stand like a convict awaiting his doom,—
Expecting to sink where the waters' wild spray
Shall roll far above ere the coming of day.

But God who commandeth the wind and the wave,—
Whose arm is around us, is able to save,—
The wrath of the tempest he stays with his might,
He scatters the darkness and calls back the light.

He bids us look up when the tempest shall lower,
Rely on his goodness and trust in his power;
When clouds of adversity hover around,
In him, and him only, true comfort is found.

We know not the time when our voyage may end,
Or with how many hardships we'll have to contend;
Still hope cheers us onward in search of the shore
Where life's stormy ocean shall harm us no more.

BEAUTY AND FRIENDSHIP.

It was down by the river, along with a friend,
I had rambled a few precious moments to spend.
Not a cloud rolled its surf in the deep azure sky,
While the bright sun was riding, at anchor, on high.

And the sweetest of odors that May could compound,
On the wings of the zephyr was wafted around;
On nature's green carpet, we sat ourselves down
By the smooth flowing river, in view of the town.

There the alder, and willow, by nature arrayed,
Had united their branches to form us a shade;
Wild roses, and lilies, and violets blue,
Stood in clusters around on the banks where they grew.

The bright crystal waters meandered below;
How fair was the margin, how lovely the flow,
How dear was that river which rolled in its pride;
But more dear to my soul was the friend at my side.

For with all the enchantments that nature can lend,
There is no form as lovely as that of a friend;
There is nothing as pleasant that earth ever knew,
As to bask in the sunshine of hearts that are true.

But, O, there are rivers whose waters expand,
And sink, in their beauty, mid deserts of sand!
There are hearts, too, congenial, on earth may be seen,
Where the river of fate rolls her waters between.

They may gaze on that river where dark waters move,
They may see there reflected the forms that they love;
But a union of heart, without union of hand,
Is all lost like that river in deserts of sand.

Misfortunes may lower, while afflictions descend,
But we should not despair while we yet have a friend.
Our sun may be darkened, our moon cease to roll,
Yet the lone star of friendship will shine in the soul.

THE VOICE OF NATURE.

Of nature's stillness, poets sing,
The many charms her silence bring;
But still, the spot can ne'er be found,
Where nature's voice does not resound.

You may forsake the busy throng,
Who crowd the streets, and press along,
But as you rove through nature's wild,
You'll hear her accents low, and mild.

She whispers in the gentle breeze
That wings its course among the trees;
She murmurs in the crystal rill,
That seeks a passage down the hill.

She speaks aloud where wild winds roar,
And ocean's awful surges pour;
Her voice is heard along the plain,
Where sweeps the troubled hurricane.

'Tis heard in rivers deep, and wide,
Forever rolling to the tide;
As they pursue their winding track,
Plunge down the giant cataract.

Her notes sublime are heard on high,
When angry storms sweep through the sky;
When lightning's flash and thunders roll,
Her voice is heard from pole to pole.

OUR BANNER.

In the old Revolution when tyrants assailed,
And sought to subdue us, but utterly failed—
'Twas the Star-spangled Banner we hoisted on high,
To show that as freemen we'd conquer or die!
We taught them a lesson they'll never forget,
'Tis fresh in the mind of each proud Briton yet—
On the folds of that banner they view with regret,
The fixed stars of freedom which never shall set.
'Mid the tumult of battle, with eyes closed in death,
There many a hero has breathed his last breath—
While the bright flag of freedom encircl'd his breast,
His soul took its flight to the regions of rest.
That flag every freeman with ardor inspires;
'Tis hailed as a boon from our patriot sires;
Their country from bondage they died to deliver;
We'll cherish their memory now and forever.
May the Banner of Liberty fearlessly soar,
In the pure light of heaven, 'till time is no more;
Till the last foe of freedom, beholding his doom,
Shall seek a safe refuge at last in the tomb.

1857.

MY COUNTRY I LOVE.

My dear country I love, while her freedom remains,
And may death seal my eyes ere I view her in chains.
When my home is no longer the home of the free,
She hath lost all her charms, and endearments, for me.

You may talk of division in peace, or in war,
But the thoughts of disunion I strictly abhor;
No hopes of salvation to her can be given,
When her once noble form shall in fragments be riv'n.

With her navy afloat, and her banners unfurled,
She hath long been the hope, and the pride of the world;
But her sons, who preside, have been false to their trust,
And her strong constitution have trampled in dust.

Can a freeman behold, with no cause to regret,
When he knows that the star of her glory must set?
Ah, no! there is cause for the bravest to mourn,
When his once happy country lies bleeding and torn!

She 'rose from oppression, her morning was bright,
Her day has been brilliant, but what of the night?
Can a freeman reflect, and his weeping forbear,
When he knows she must sink in the deepest despair?

Her protectors may sleep in their dark gory bed,
Yet a halo of glory encircles each head;
But your tears, like their blood, shall be shed as the dew,
When freedom no longer shall smile upon you,

To the westward your eagle no longer shall soar!
His wings have been broken, he spreads them no more;
His plumes shed no lustre, in grief he retires,
To the crags of the mountain, and lonely expires.

Shall the low plains of Camden, that once sacred ground,
No more 'neath the tread of brave freemen resound?
Shall the blood of our fathers thus loudly complain
That their labors for freedom were labors in vain?

When the Angel of Peace shall revisit no more
Our once lovely empire, our thrice happy shore;
When the bright fane of liberty fades from the view,
Shall the Angel of Vengeance await upon you!

My country, your fate I sincerely deplore!
For the days of your greatness, alas! are no more;
Your degenerate offsprings their birthright have sold,
They have barter'd their freedom for silver and gold.

When the flag of our nation no longer I trace,
On the walls of Savannah, in Jasper's embrace;
When with sectional freedom Fort Moultrie is fired,
Where a Jasper once fought, and McDonald expired;

'Tis a time for the bravest to tremble with fear,
For the safety of home, and of those they hold dear!
'Tis no wonder that sages despair in the cause
Of their once happy country, her freedom, and laws.

To the God of all nations, let us all repair;
Let us meekly beseech him our country to spare;
That no wiles of fanatics or traitors combined
Shall fetter the freedom of body or mind.

ANDES, *Delaware Co., N. Y.*, 1861.

FIRST AND SECOND BIRTH OF COLUMBIA,

THE ONLY TRUE BEGOTTEN OF LIBERTY.

Lo! the God of high heaven made known his decree,
By declaring earth's acres eternally free;
And the sign, and the signet appended thereto,
Was the bright stars he set in the broad field of blue.

Yes! the waters of time may roll rapidly by,
And the nations of earth may grow feeble and die;
The strong walls of creation may sink to decay,
But one jot of his mandate shall not pass away!

But the nations of earth, through the vista of time,
Had their garments so stained, and polluted with crime,
That Jehovah resolved upon bringing a flood,
To extirpate their sins with a deluge of blood.

When the nations of old were all sunk in the deep,
By the tears which mankind provoked heaven to weep,
Lo! the goddess of freedom ascended on high,
To her ark of salvation afloat in the sky.

But, again she goes forth like a dove from her cage,
When the dark troubled waters begin to assuage;
And, at last, for the sole of her foot, she finds rest
In the unexplored regions away to the west.

It was here she conceived, and in due time gave birth
To Columbia her only begotten of earth;
But the throes that pervaded her angelic frame,
On the night of her travail no mortal can name.

'Twould, to picture her anguish, be folly in me,
To those who know not what such anguish may be.
'Tis beyond all the powers of mankind to reveal
What the heart, and the spirit, are not made to feel.

But, that body of clay if not soulless, is dead,
If it knows not that freedom has suffered, and bled.
Such a being, if one on this earth there may be,
Is too wretched to need any censure from me.

Let him pass, at Quebec, where Montgom'ry was slain,
With the soldiers of freedom, a winter campaign;
While half-naked, and starving, with relish they eat
All their dogs, cartridge-boxes, the shoes from their feet.

Yes! at Princeton, and Trenton, his eyes might behold
When the Delaware waters congealed as they rolled;
In the sleet of December, along her bleak shore,
Frosty footprints of freemen becrimsoned with gore.

Ah! who does not know that the field, and the flood,
Are one altar where freedom has offered her blood;
That the deepest of anguish pervaded her breast,
Valley Forge, and the Highlands can truly attest.

'Tis believed that the night of her travail, and woe,
Was the darkest that ever was witnessed below;
Not the light of a taper illumined her bed,
While the clouds of oppression hung dark overhead.

But the night-watch of freedom, the sentry on high,
Remains firm at his post, with a vigilant eye,
While the vultures of tyranny scream for their prey,
As the long dreary hours of the night wear away.

But her guardian angel still hovers around,
While on high both the harp, and the timbrel resound,
And the whole choir of heaven with harmony sings,
Accompanied oft by the clapping of wings.

See the star-spangled banner of heaven unfurled,
As a symbol of might, as a proof to the world,
That this goddess designed, through Columbia's birth,
To establish perpetual freedom on earth.

While the heavenly host, over mountain, and glen,
Proclaimed peace upon earth, and good will unto men;
Lo! the shepherds beheld from the mountains afar,
And wise men from the East came to worship her star.

Yes! the child was brought forth on the Fourth of
July,
And a new constellation was set in the sky.
To the four winds of earth 'twas proclaimed on that
morn,
In the household of nations a child had been born.

O! what were the sounds that saluted the ear
Of the soldier of freedom who listened to hear?
That his sword is returned to the scabbard to rest,
That his heart should leap wildly for joy in his breast.

He hears the glad tidings, he knows whence they came,
But what could this patriot's bosom inflame?
His country henceforth and forever shall be
The peaceful asylum, and home of the free!

How the pulse of the nation now quickens and swells!
By the roaring of cannon, and pealing of bells,
They herald the tidings from mountain to shore,
That the chains of the tyrant shall bind them no more,

Thus the night of oppression at last wore away,
And pure was the twilight that ushered the day;
How cheering the prospect that greeted the eye,
As our sun in her splendor rose full in the sky.

There the flag of our Union was gracefully furled,
While the smoke from the calumet peacefully curled;

There perched on our standard our eagle is seen,
His pinions are folded, his eyes are serene.

On the red field of carnage he presses before,
While his eyes flash with fire, and his talons drip gore;
But the tempest of war never ruffles his veins,
As long as one branch of the olive remains.

Though our yeomanry all are disciples of Mars,
They give proof most convincing they thirst not for wars;
For where are our heroes, and conquerors now?
They're at work in the vineyard, or follow the plough!

'Tis not on the field. with her legions arrayed,
That our nation's true greatness is only displayed;
At the altar, and forum, she likewise is found,
In all her proceedings, both honest, and sound.

See her stand in the swaddlings that gird her around,
And all the learned doctors of Europe confound;
Thus awed into silence, they stand in amaze
At the vastness of knowledge Columbia displays.

They pause, and they ponder, it hath been foretold
By most of the sages, and prophets of old,
To the westward a nation in glory should rise,
Should be queen of the world, and an heir to the skies.

Now the Herod of Britain is filled with dismay,
And he sends forth his legions with orders to slay;
And a voice, as in Ramah, is heard on our shore,
For the sons of Columbia who sleep in their gore.

That Herod retires to the shades of the dead,
His crown, and his laurels, are stripped from his head;
His name is infamous, forever it brings
Disgrace to the arrogant household of kings.

But, Columb'a shall live till her hist'ry sublime,
Shall fill the last page of the records of time;
Her annals are pure as her own mountain rills,
Her fame stands secure as her own native hills.

Inscribed are the names of her heroes of old
On the tablets of fame, in bright letters of gold;
As the legates of heaven resigning their trust,
At the summons of God they return to the dust.

They have planted the vineyard, and watered the vine,
They have left their descendants to drink of the wine;
But drinking we surfeit, and sickness ensues,
And in stupor, our blessing we sadly abuse.

All the earliest fruit, and the highest in air,
We consider as objects deserving our care;
While all the rich clusters, that hang near the root,
Are devoured by the foxes, or crushed by the foot.

On state rights, for safety, our freedom depends;
If we part with those rights for some national ends,
What hope can we have of preserving the shoots,
If we crush all the bark, and the sap from the roots?

The first stone was laid, when the structure began,
On the just, equal rights, and the freedom of man;
But our stronghold is destined to crumble, and fall,
If it fails to secure equal freedom to all.

Though strong is the armor Columbia wears,
And keen is the edge of the weapon she bears,
Among those of her household there wageth a strife,
Whose brotherly war-cry is "Blood to the knife!"

O, why should Columbia celestial and pure,
Such internal pangs for one moment endure?
For all family feuds she was taught to abhor,
And she weeps at beholding her household at war.

She has sons by adoption, as well as by birth,
Who have come from the uttermost parts of the earth,
To partake of the blessings that God has designed
Should be equally free to the whole of mankind.

All his national prejudice each one has brought,
New factions are formed, and new conquest is sought.
Is it strange that a nation thus formed should display
At the family altar the signs of decay?

The asylum of nations, she has to befriend,
'Gainst the crimes of all nations she has to defend;
Poor martyr of freedom, she stands on the rack,
With all nations applying the lash to her back.

Great Britain, with scorn and derision, now stands,
E'er the blood of her own slaves are washed from her hands,
And points at our nation the finger of shame,
Because we have states that indulge in the same.

That modest reformer has followed the trade
'Till her pockets are filled, and her fortune is made,
And now, so indignant she seemeth to feel;
But, crimes so apparent, she can not conceal.

Old Satan, disguised as a Frenchman, has tried
To kindle new strife, and the Union divide;
Every nation has come in the guise of a friend,
And all have been striving to reach the same end.

We would say to our neighbors just over the wave
That the God of our fathers is mighty to save;
For protection, and safety, we look not abroad,
We rely on our own strength, we trust in our God.

We know we have sinned, yet we are not afraid;
We shall all be redeemed when atonement is made;
But where have we sinned? and how is our nation
To purchase, by penance, eternal salvation?

We have erred in supposing all nations our friends,
While all have been working for national ends;
We have erred in supposing our nation would stand
When the sceptre of freedom was struck from her hand.

We have long been accustomed to boast of the birth
Of our country, the fairest, and brightest of earth;
But, never till now, when all seems to be lost,
Have we really thought what our freedom has cost.

The youth of our land, as they've sat by the fire,
And listened to tales that were told by the sire,
Have thought that a nation so great in her prime,
Would remain as the last noble relic of time.

And thus they neglected to watch, and to pray,
While others were waiting their time to betray;
For, knowing her virtue, and fearing her might,
Lo! the traitors have come like a thief in the night.

With swords, and with staves, they have gathered around,
And the sole heir of freedom with fetters have bound;
When her chosen disciples have fled in dismay,
To the halls of the high priest they lead her away.

They seek for false witness, and yet they find none
Who can say that Columbia hath ever wronged one?

But, still, the low rabble are loud in the cry,
"She is guilty of death, and most surely shall die!"

They have robed her in scarlet, and crowned her with thorns,
They have made her the subject of scoffs, and of scorns,
They bow low the knee, and exclaim in their mirth;
As they smite her with reeds, "Hail thou Queen of the Earth!"

All earthly contumely is heaped upon her,
She is offered no drink, but wine mingled with myrrh;
She receives not the proffer, she makes no reply,
But calmly submits, for her people, to die.

Thus, our national regeneration begins,
By the shedding of blood for remisssion of sins;
But, the whole earth shall quake at beholding her doom,
And the saints of the dead shall awake from the tomb.

Thus, the sins of the many, the spotless, and free,
In her own sinless body must bear on the tree;
And while she is bleeding, and ere she expires,
To cast lots for her vesture the rabble desires.

Beware! O, ye traitors! for soon ye shall hear
The tramping of legions, whose footsteps are near;

Her disciples have rallied, they strike for the cross,
Compared to their country all else is but dross.

Their standards are waving, their weapons are bare,
Their war-cry is vengeance! O, traitors, beware!
Provoke not this goddess, excite not her ire,
When grossly insulted, her vengeance is dire!

Ere the soldiers of freedom were led to the field,
At the shrine of devotion they fervently kneeled;
They vowed that Columbia again should be free;
Or else this whole land one Golgotha should be!

You may pierce her with spears till her veins shall
run dry,
Yet her blood, to the heavens, for vengeance will cry;
And the last dying words of our country shall be:
O, Freedom! my mother! I perish for thee!

You may rend the strong veil of our temple in twain,
While darkness shall hover o'er mountain, and plain;
But the sepulchre, earthly, was never yet made,
That could hold the strong limbs of her whom you've
betrayed.

You may seek to secure her by sealing the door,
And placing a watch of your soldiery o'er;
But your watchmen shall stand as the statues of clay,
And behold the great stone from the door rolled away,

Yes! freedom, immortal, shall burst from the tomb
With the freshness, and beauty of Eden's first bloom;
With brighter effulgence her glory shall shine,
Her reign is forever, her mission divine!

With visage like lightning, and raiment as snow,
Her angel shall walk on the earth to and fro;
And woe to the traitors she finds in her path,
For their bodies shall fill the wine-press of her wrath.

The tempest of Mars may burst forth on our shore,
Like ten thousand Niagaras his thunders may roar;
His war-dogs, unkennelled, may thirst for their prey,
But Columbia shall keep all his hell-hounds at bay.

When peace is restored, as it one day shall be,
May we all, still, behold her the fearless, and free,
Her realm undiminished, her subjects all true
To her glorious ensign, the "Red, White, and Blue."

THE GRAVE OF WASHINGTON.

During the war excitement of 1861, it was rumored that Colonel Washington, owner of the Mount Vernon estate, had removed the remains of his illustrious ancestor from their time-hallowed resting-place to some point further south, which gave rise to the following:

Is it really true that a Washington's dust,
That has rested in peace in its time-honored mound—
That his relics, so sacred, consigned to our trust—
Has, at last, by his kinsman, been dragged from the ground?

By all that is sacred! what worse can they do?
Shall the relics of liberty meet such a doom?
They have nothing but total destruction in view,
Who have opened, and plundered, a Washington's tomb!

When the last human vestige of liberty fades
From the soil that our fathers bedewed with their blood,
When the ashes of freemen are raked from their shades,
Our soil shall be sanguine! and crimson the flood!

Can it serve an apology? lessen the sin?
Is it, even from traitors, deserving of meed?
That his grave has been rifled by those of his kin,
Though kinsmen, and statesmen, accomplish the deed?

May the cannon's red mouth belch forth torrents of fire,
And her death-freighted hail pour a deluge on those
Who have checked the bold eagle, so true to her eyre,
Who are now to their country, her bitterest foes!

Our lives, and our fortunes, shall freely be given,
While the life-blood of traitors continues to run;
It shall smoke on our altars an incense to heaven,
An atonement to God for the wrongs they have done!

When our flag is dishonored, our temple aflame,
And should liberty's structure be destined to fall;
Let us give her bright pillars support, which they claim,
Though her earth-hallowed ashes may cover us all.

ANDES, *May* 23, 1861.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION;

OR, THE NIGHT VISIONS.

Though the night of oppression o'ershadowed our birth,
As a nation, we stand as the salt of the earth;
When our day-star broke forth through the clouds of the sky,
As a nation, our birth was recorded on high.

But the mother, who bore us, in travail was wild,
Long, and bitter, she mourned for the loss of her child.
For the sake of her offspring, her veins have been dried,
They have moistened our shores, and have crimsoned the tide.

But, that mother saw visions while sleeping at night,
Her dreams were disturbed by the phantoms of fright;
A storm, as it were, she saw raging on high,
While the star of her glory was swept from the sky.

But, to us was the promise, to us was the sign,
Which the mother beheld, but she could not divine.
Lo! the clouds of oppression asunder were hurled,
And the goddess of Freedom came down to the world.

While the flag of our Union, she held in her hand,
As an emblem of peace to a God-favored land;
And the moment its colors appeared to the eye,
For its sake every freeman was ready to die.

For this goddess, with purity ever in view,
Had so blended the colors of Red, White and Blue,
That the beauties of heaven were seen on the face
Of this lovely exotic from regions of space.

And its borders were tinted with crimson, and gold,
As this beautiful ensign of freedom unrolled,
While her pure azure field with the sky could compare,
And thirteen bright stars in their beauty were there.

She gave us the ensign, and she bade us depend
On the God of the battle henceforth to the end;
But she warned us of danger, and bade us beware,
If, in battle, we fought when our flag was not there.

We accepted the token while pride swelled the heart,
As we swore from her precepts to never depart;
We have stood by our colors at home, and abroad,
Have obtained 'neath its folds all the blessings of God.

From Maine to Vancouvers, over water, and land,
From the Lake of the Woods, to the famed Rio Grande,

We have conquered in battle, have prospered in peace,
While our stripes still grow broader our stars still increase.

We have clung to its folds when the battle was red,
When the fields were all strown with the dying and dead;
Though the smoke of the carnage had blackened the air,
Our flag was still waving and who could despair?

On the broad rolling ocean, in battle's alarm,
It has rode the rough billow secure from all harm;
It waves the ascendant in all foreign ports,
It streams from our navy, our harbors, and forts.

But, woe to those rebels! so false to their trust,
Who would trample the ensign of freedom in dust.
When our flag is insulted, we'll rally, we'll bleed,
Or, we'll punish the traitors for doing the deed!

The bright stars, and broad stripes, as our symbol of might,
Shall again on Fort Sumter unfurl to the light,
Or, we who have worshipped her colors, shall fly
To the battle for vengeance! to conquer, or die!

But, the horrors of war have so darkened our land,
That the night of oppression seems almost at hand.

We have looked for some signal from heaven, above,
From the spirits departed, from those whom we love.

Till, at last, in our barracks as sleeping we lay,
A great light shone around us exceeding the day,
And there came, as from heaven, the spirits of those
We had followed, long since, to their final repose.

All our patriot fathers stood round in a row,
And they gazed on the scenes that were passing below.
Lo! a Washington stood at the head of the band,
As if, in the spirit, he still held command.

He looked piercingly down, with a sight unbeguiled,
As his eye caught the flag of our Union, he smiled.
Saratoga, and Trenton, appeared to his view,
Where our national colors triumphantly flew.

There a Jefferson stood with his parchment in hand,
'Twas the famed Declaration, the pride of our land.
There were others in turn, who were holding a scroll,
'Twas our lov'd Constitution, the hope of the soul.

All our national airs they discoursed in their turn,
While the lamps of their being seemed brighter to burn;
The "Star-spangled Banner" with transport they sung,
While our flag from its staff in the night breezes swung.

Once again they looked down on the sleepers below,
While the tears of affection were seeming to flow;
They dropped us the papers, and said as they fell:
"Keep these, dearest children, and all will be well."

We grasped at the writings, we awoke in a breath,
It was dark in our camp, and as silent as death;
But, we hailed the bright vision as one from above,
From that goddess of Freedom we worship and love.

But, how changed was the vision that almost congealed
The false hearts of those rebels encamped on the field.
It was night, deep dark night, and nought but the tramp
Of the sentry was heard in Jeff. Davis's camp.

In the midst of their slumber they saw a white cloud,
In the dark vault of heaven it hung like a shroud;
And out of that cloud there came torrents of fire,
For the Lord was outpouring his vessels of ire.

While the angel of vengeance descended below,
To that camp which was stricken with terror, and woe,
A drawn sword, stained with blood, they beheld in her hand,
With which to wreak vengeance on their traitor band.

And she said, as she gave them a fierce look of scorn,
"It were better for you had you never been born,

For I am commissioned, and sent from on high,
And behold in my hands by what death you shall die."

Now their leader, Jeff. Davis, was sorely afraid,
And he called on all nations to lend him their aid;
If he parried her steel, which he scarcely could hope,
In her left he beheld an abundance of rope.

But, just as the angel was dealing the stroke,
He screamed, in affright, and his band all awoke;
It was morning, the day-god was ruling the skies,
But the phantoms of fright still appeared to their eyes.

May the rebels take warning, and flee from the wrath
Which the angel of vengeance shall hurl in their path;
For, who strikes at his country for power, or fame,
By his country shall fall and be branded with shame.

Brave freemen, take courage, the day is our own,
For the wrongs they have done us they'll have to atone;
Shrink not at their bullets, their cannon's red glare,
But mount on their ramparts, and plant your flag there.

Lo! a shock as an earthquake is coming at length,
Which shall try all our national virtue, and strength;
But all nations shall know at the end of the shock,
That our temple of freedom is firm as the rock.

THE LAST GREAT EMPIRE.

There is no place on earth, but shall be trod
By man, the moral image of his God!

From Eden's sacred confines, to Greenland's icy shore,
The sons of men have wandered earth's regions to explore;
Along the banks of Jordan, the Tigris, and the Nile,
O'er all the land of Canaan where God was pleased to smile.

His pilgrimage had led him o'er Egypt's burning sand,
Sahara's desert region, and Norway's frozen land;
By Etna's boiling summit, where red-hot torrents flow,
And over Alps, and mountains, clothed in eternal snow.

When Oriental kingdoms, by man are peopled o'er,
The Mayflower parts forever old Albion's sea-beat shore,
Relying on Jehovah to guide their little barque,
Those pilgrims see no danger while gathered in the ark.

When tempests round them gather, and billows loudly
roar,
Sweet consolation cheers them, and hope still hovers
o'er;
On Plymouth shore they landed, and kneeling on the
sod,
A prayer of independence they offered up to God.

Long since, those Pilgrim Fathers have slumbered in
the dust,
Their spirits, freed from bondage, are dwelling with the
just;
But, still, their bold descendants who are a mighty
throng,
New England's sons, and daughters, are journeying
along.

Go east to the Atlantic, go northward to the pole,
Or southward, where the Gulf-stream her turbid waters
roll,
Go west to the Pacific, climb o'er Nevada's crest,
You'll find them in the valleys, and mountains of the
West.

The noblest of creation, God's image may be found,
Of every tribe, and nation, to earth's remotest bound;
Our pilgrimage can lead us no farther to the West.
This is our second Eden, and here we all may
rest.

Our inland seas, and rivers, a long extended train,
Roll onward in their beauty, pay tribute to the main;
On Mississippi's bosom behold! what lofty sail!
Our commerce is expanding before the northern gale.

Ripe fruits of every climate, and fields of golden grain,
Are seen along our borders from Mexico to Maine;
Far o'er the distant prairie new treasures still unfold,
The sands of Sacramento are rich with shining gold.

Behold! the queen of empires, in lovely flowers dressed,
The rose of Sharon blossoms upon her tranquil breast;
Her diadem is proudly worn in honor of the free,
'Tis richly set with brilliants,—they number thirty-three.

She's fairer than a goddess, her everlasting throne,
Between two mighty oceans, and in a milder zone,
Is decked in courtly splendor, with trophies rich, and rare,
Gleaned from the farthest limits of ocean, earth, and air.

Her cohorts strong, and valiant, are marshalled on the plain,
Her navy rides, triumphant, all o'er the mighty main;
The "Stars and Stripes" are floating aloft o'er land and sea,
It is the sacred emblem, and banner of the free!

Rome has her classic Tiber, her Rubicon, and Po,
Where hosts of Roman legions have battled with the foe;
Her Cæsars all were valiant, her senators were sage,
Possessing all the wisdom, and prowess, of the age.

Marathon, and Thermopylæ have been the pride of Greece,
Where warlike Medes and Persians together sleep in peace;
Her Athens, too, where science sought a permanent retreat,
While sages, and philosophers, were teaching in the street.

Yet, over Grecian sages, philosophers, and all,
The worst of superstitions had spread a dismal pall;
They bowed their heads to idols, and images of stone,
And in their sacred temples they worshipped them alone.

When Rome, athirst for conquest, sent legions to invade,
They bore aloft the shining cross, beside the gory blade.
Her laurels all have faded, her walls have tumbled down;
She is no more the mistress, and city of renown.

Their military greatness all ages may admire,
But patriots, with virtue, they never can inspire;
Their legendary history, so black with human crime,
Most truly stands unrivalled within the bounds of time.

We need no ancient fable to prove our nation's birth,
Her day-star rose in splendor, 'twas seen o'er all the earth.
She grew from foul oppression, she burst the tyrant's chains,
Both Lexington, and Concord, her glory still remains.

The opening scenes at Boston, and famous Bunker Hill,
Through all succeeding ages, true courage must instill;
Throughout our broad dominions, where freedom spread her beams,
We've many sacred battle-fields, and many storied streams.

The Delaware, the Schuylkill, and Brandywine have charms
That waken in our bosoms the clash of sounding arms;
The many scenes enacted along the Hudson's tide,
Have placed her on the records as empire's greatest pride.

The battle-field is sacred where martyred saints expire,
Whose souls have been enlivened by freedom's holy fire,

'Tis not for blood our heroes shed that they deserve
applause,
'Tis that their veins profusely bled in freedom's holy
cause.

Our cause so noble, just, and true, we never shall re-
gret,
It won the aid of warlike France—the soul of La
Fayette;
Behold the chief of Camden! the fatal wounds he bore!
Whose love for human freedom had brought him to
our shore.

Our Washington stands foremost of all the good, and
great,
Who've gathered on the battle-field or in the halls of
state,
And may his deeds of valor continue to resound,
While sleeps his peaceful ashes 'neath Vernon's lovely
mound.

Our Franklin called the lightning down from its airy
seat,
Disrobed it of its terror—confined it at his feet;
Our Morse contrived to harness this noble steed of fire,
And news was sent by lightning along the 'lectric wire.

Our Fulton taught the steamer, triumphantly, to ride
On every sea, and ocean, despising wind, and tide;

The iron horse is snorting, his master slacks the reins,
The laden car is gliding along the distant plains.

The power of steam is mighty all nations must allow.
It drives the factory, and the press, it draws our noble plough.
We've men of worth and genius, their numbers still increase;
We favor new inventions, and all the arts of peace.

We've many schools like Athens, and in our Christian land,
True science, and religion, are going hand in hand;
Our thoughts are free to wander throughout their quiet realm,
We have no titled monarch, no tyrant at the helm.

We have religious freedom, and liberty of speech,
To worship as the Scriptures, God's holy precepts teach;
The fairest scenes of nature are open to the view,
To every true admirer they offer something new.

All nations reach their zenith, they have their rise and fall,
But ours, the most enlightened, shall stand the last of all.
It is the spread of knowledge, that gives a nation power
To meet the storms that gather in peril's darkest hour.

We differ from all nations where knowledge sheds her dew
Unheeded by the many, and gathered by the few;
Our common schools are nourished with all a nation's care,
Well knowing that our fountain of happiness is there.

Long may our noble empire her brilliant course pursue,
Blessed by the light of heaven, beneath her sky of blue;
And may her sun in splendor perform his daily round
'Till time shall fade before her, and every trump shall sound.

AMERICAN LIBERTY.

The following lines were written on hearing it expressed that American liberty was on the decline; that the sages who set forth her illustrious Declaration, and framed her noble Constitution, were no more; that the heroes of '76 had departed, and that her once active limbs had been severed by factions, and weakened by disuse.

[Written on the military parade ground of Fort Oswego, May 24th, 1859.]

THINK ye our courage all has fled,
Because our Washington is dead,
And, that our sages have expired,
And left no sons with freedom fired?

Or, has our nation so declined
In valor, virtue, strength of mind,
That we would crouch as coward slaves,
Or bow to tyrants, kings, and knaves?

Can faction, with her giant paws,
E'er clutch or grind us in her jaws?
Shall freemen swerve in peril's hour,
When foes assail, and fiends devour?

Though cannon, with a deaf'ning roar,
A sanguine deluge round us pour,
'Gainst all the powers of earth, and hell,
For freedom's sake we would rebel!

We are not weakened by repose!
But, still a terror to our foes!
Rouse ye the lion from his lair,
His warlike spirit still is there!

Graves of our sires shall ever be
Protected by the brave and free!
Freedom shall flourish on our shore
When kings, and kingdoms, are no more.

HUMOROUS.

IT TAKES ALL SORTS OF FOLKS TO MAKE A WORLD.

If this adage be true, as most people maintain,
The world has no mortals created in vain;
If it be true, or untrue, one fact is well fixed,
That our world, as it is, is a world rather *mixed.*

Arrive at whatever conclusion we may,
From the knowledge we have, we can certainly say,
Though our nation financially pine with the "shorts,"
She certainly never will be out of *sorts.*

But, let us dissect this old adage, and see
The true sense of the saying, if true it may be.
We turn to the Scriptures, we find to begin,
God created a world, he made all things therein.

He created all things that have animal life,
Last of all, he created the man, and his wife;
Admitting this fact, you'll agree with me, then,
That God never created but one kind of *men.*

Most people contend there are men of all kinds,
Who differ in actions, in bodies, and minds;
But this can not be true, it is merely a hoax,
There's but one kind of men, and the rest are but
FOLKS.

To prove this assertion, I'll show you the plan,
The design of Jehovah in forming the man.
'Twas to place at the head of the animal race,
His own noble image, endowed with his grace.

And these lords of creation, Jehovah designed
Should each be endowed with a soul, and a mind;
And, in truth, these endowments are all, at the most,
Of which mortal man can have reason to boast.

If we lose these endowments, we lose our repute,
And though fashioned as men, we become as the
brute;
It is here we find folks, they are mortals defect,
Whose minds have been ruined through brutal neglect.

Mark, then, the solution by which we have solved
The main point in the question, and be it resolved:
That folks form the link between man, and the brute.
And we settle the question that's held in dispute.

I affirm it is true, yet acknowledge it queer,
That folks like wild beasts should so often appear;

Their animal natures assuming control,
Predominate over the mind, and the soul.

The rich are the lions, majestic, and proud,
They feel very strong, and they roar very loud;
How noble they look, how majestic they speak,
Yet, how meanly they prey on the poor, and the weak.

The rich have their lackeys, who, as it would seem,
Present in their lowness the other extreme;
And what is the lackey? he is the jackal,
Who feeds on the remnants these lions let fall.

By close observation, some folks, you will find,
Who are tigers to all of the rest of mankind;
By nature so sordid, so eager for pelf,
It would seem that they wish to live only for self.

The prodigals, lavish of money, and time,
Are a species you'll find in almost every clime;
They appear very large, and they make a great show,
Attracting attention wherever they go.

They are folks of importance, God bless their dear souls,
Who have many times voyaged from tropics to poles;
Such folks are the elephants, showy in dress,
While the *trunk* which they carry is all they possess.

And some folks are buffaloes, showy, and grand,
They toss high their heads, and assume great command;
Every cent they are worth they put on the outside,
So all that men value them for is the *hide.*

See the husband, and parent, morose, and severe;
In his presence, his household have reason to fear.
Every frown on his brow, every wave of his hand,
Conveys, to his subjects, some sign of command.

His hair is dishevelled, his face is unshorn,
His breast dead to pity, he knows not to mourn;
From the map which I give him, you'll know him a bear,
Though his true face be hid in a forest of hair.

See the knave, like an imp of the infernal brood,
Depriving the orphan of raiment, and food.
What is he? he's a wolf who by nature makes bold
To prey on the innocent lambs of the fold.

And the folks who claim honor, and boast of fair play,
Are the foxes who never molest you by day;
But the truth must be told, they're afraid of the light;
See how basely they plunder your hen-roost at night.

And some folks, like bull-dogs, for some minor cause
Would grind their opponents to death in their jaws;

Such brutes never ought to be freed from the slip,
For it's death to the victim that's caught in their grip.

The beggar, a hound that is scarcely half fed,
Bays loud at your door for a morsel of bread;
He is keen for the *cent*, though a dull-looking whelp,
In pursuit of his game, how imploring his yelp.

See the great public speaker, with *rum-blossomed* nose,
Who labors to tell you, what every one knows,
Till your patience is wearied, your conscience is sore,
You are led, in the end, to pronounce him a *boar*.

Take next, the fast youth with his eyes looking red,
He is fond of his cup, he retires late to bed;
Would you know he's a *buck*, pray just step on his corns,
And you'll instantly feel the effects of his *horns*.

See the folks who are ready at every one's call,
They are any thing, every thing, nothing at all;
Such folks are chameleons, changing their hue,
They are just what you like best, green, white, black, or blue.

See the would-be-somebody, he makes great ado;
He tries to act just as the *upper tens* do;
He is *non compos mentis*, though human in shape,
He is all imitation, he's merely an ape.

See old corpulent *Hans*, as he goes on a spree,
With his curling moustache, and his well trimmed goatee;
Though the moderns have styled him a lager beer bloat,
It is not his cognomen, in truth he's a *goat.*

See the youth of sixteen, the young sprig of the town,
His countenance covered all over with down,
Whose existence requires much attention, and care,
Such an innocent creature we might call a *hare.*

Look at one who has more than his share of self-will,
Every hair stands erect, like a porcupine's quill;
In his style he resembles the devil incog.;
He is what Father Adam once called the *hedgehog.*

And what are the poets, dissect the whole pack,
Every one you will find is a thorough-bred *jack*,
With his lion skin crowded so full of conceit,
Unobserved, his long ears protrude nearly a "feet."

True, some have endeavored to make it appear,
That long ears were given the better to hear;
But, there are exceptions to all rules I wot,
For here you see one with long ears, yet hears not.

In his dusty old sanctum scarce "*seven* by *nine*,"
See the editor on both his elbows recline;

His pockets look meagre, with "*nary a red*,"
And scarce are the ideas that enter his head.

In his columns he raves like a dog in a fit,
But, 'tis seen that his shears are too sharp for his wit.
Would you know what he is? he's akin to that class
Which I said had long ears, so we'll just let him pass.

Take one that is vulgarly styled "*klever feller*,"
With lots of long hair growing all round his *smeller;*
Such a creature, undoubtedly, makes a good *spark*,
He is so well adapted to *mouse* in the dark.

Though he dine upon *turtle*, I'll bet my *old hat*,
He would secretly feast on the tail of a *rat;*
Take one from this class, he's a bright youth of promise,
His surname is *Cat*, and his christened name *Thomas.*

What name shall I give to the cut-throat, the cheat,
Who wears, on his visage, the smile of deceit;
Though fair in appearance, and speech, yet, alas!
You will find, in the end, he's a snake in the grass.

Fat folks are the whales you have all read about,
They are proud of their bulk, and they constantly *spout;*
Dissect one, you'll find him an overgrown lubber,
With very small brain, but a great deal of *blubber.*

And the sly office-seekers who gabble, and prate,
Are the *sharks* you see follow the great "ship of state;
They're the fag-ends of parties, and should be ignored,
For they feast on the offals that's thrown overboard.

See the person that folks pronounce "keen on a trade,"
He's a genuine rascal, a true *Yankee blade*,
And by investigation we find him an eel,
That is certainly wonderful slippery in deal.

See the dandy who makes great display of his curls,
In manners he greatly resembles the girls;
By the grease and perfumery spread on his pelt,
You may know he's a fish, and he must be the *smelt*.

See the toper who spends all his time at the inn,
Regaling himself on rum, brandy, and gin;
Only look at his mouth, what a horrible pucker,
From appearance, and manners, he must be the *sucker*.

One more for dissection still, let me propose,
'Tis the fat chunky fellow with little pug nose;
Although folks most commonly call him a *stub*,
He's a fresh-water fish, and he must be the *chub*.

With the rest of the folks, let us look at the boys,
Who are covered with jewelry, trinkets, and toys.

There can be no deception, they're just what they seem,
They are these little *shiners* that sport in the stream.

By nature so sportive, in colors so bright,
They swim on the surface, revolve in the light;
They are fine in appearance, their movements are spry,
And, still, they are what folks would call but "*small fry.*"

See the tipsy old Frenchman, who swims in his grog,
All mankind have agreed to pronounce him a frog;
And if this be correct, I declare on my soul,
That *le jeune Francais garcon* must be the tadpole.

See the cracked-up physician, who boasts of his skill,
Of the wonderful virtues of powder, and pill;
He is the mosquito, whose trade is to kill,
For he never lets blood, but he runs up a *bill.*

Next see the young lawyer neglecting his cause
To gabble instead of expounding the laws.
He knows very little, yet makes great pretence,
Ah! he's the young *crow* that has more gab than sense.

All the gray-haired attorneys, and judges of late,
Who strive for the loaves, and the fishes of state,
If their natures are known, and the truth may be said,
They're the vultures that prey on both living and dead.

Now, ladies, I'll turn my attention to you,
We should give, it is said, every devil his due;
The ladies, God bless them, I love the whole sex,
They're a class that no man would be willing to vex.

And the man, when he takes a good woman to wife,
Will find it the most noted epoch in life;
If he be not deceived, he is truly in luck,
For he gets for an helpmeet, a sweet little duck.

But that man has no woman, although he be wed,
If his consort shall stand with both hands in his head.
Can a woman thus act like the "*devil let loose*"?
Ah, no! she's a battling, snappish old goose!

Any man who would venture to cross an old maid,
Better first see that peace with his Maker is made;
Let him pause and consider the evils of strife,
That this unequal contest may cost him his life.

I have seen the old maid so remarkably lean,
In the sunshine her shadow could scarcely be seen,
The substance itself so resembled the *vane*,
That folks have been led to pronounce her the *crane*.

But perhaps you may wonder, that I should compare
The whole of the fair sex to fowls of the air,
The reason I have, I am free to declare,
'Tis because they are frequently more *foul* than fair.

That God made the woman you all know is true,
But, with making the ladies he'd nothing to do.
In true woman, God's last, noblest work is displayed,
But the ladies are those whom the fashions have made.

See the nice little miss who endeavors to don
Whatever Dame Fashion would have her put on;
When you see she is covered with gold every inch,
Can you blame me for calling young miss a goldfinch.

We'll look at another of Dame Fashion's daughters,
A fowl that is frequently seen on the waters;
She is false to her husband, a regular trull,
She's a fowl I have said, and she must be the *gull.*

Besides these five kinds, there's another kind yet,
Which, at present, I do not intend to forget;
See the wife that is always berating the men,
I can truly pronounce her an old *guinea-hen.*

There's another young miss, who obtains the great bulk
Of her frivolous wishes by feigning to sulk;
I only intend to say this much about her,
The true ornithologist calls her the *pouter.*

See the lovers of romance, how silly they act,
They consider all fiction a matter of fact;
They're affected in manners, affected in words,
They are what folks would commonly call the *love birds.*

There *are some*, who would seem to rival the graces,
Who visit the springs, and the watering-places;
You shall have my opinion of one of this type,
From her natural habits, she must be the *snipe.*

There's a kind which, I freely declare on my soul,
Are the largest, and most noted class of the whole;
Their names are derived from the hoops they put on,
And the species is known as the *hooper* or *swan.*

There are some while at home appear gloomy, and sad,
For their only delight is to keep on the gad;
To describe this strange species permit me to try,
They're a species of insect that's called the *gad-fly.*

The lady, nowdays, that can put the most trash on,
Is considered the true butterfly of the fashion;
To laugh at her dress would most certainly kill her,
Beware what you say, or she may *caterpillar.*

But let us once more to the subject return,
From different sources we've yet much to learn;
When this drama of life is presented to view,
The old adage would almost appear to be true.

When we look at all classes, it seems very clear
That each class was formed for its own special sphere;
The whole world seems a stage, and this life a great play,
In which a new act is performed every day.

Every actor would seem rightly tempered in heart,
And to know just enough to perform his own part.
We are fashioned by nature, it would appear, then,
To suit all the trades, and professions of men.

And the judge of the bench would be greatly dismayed
If compelled but to follow the *shoemaker's* trade,
While the honest old cobbler, with apron all wax,
Looks down on the judges, the lawyers, and *quacks.*

That God made all these kinds to suit the world's motion
Is a falsified whim, some old woman's notion;
When the world was created, Jehovah designed,
That the dwellers of earth should be all of one kind.

Then that God who moves worlds, as it were with a straw,
Was himself sole attorney, and judge of the law.
The great God never made such contemptible things,
As the lawyers, the judges, the rulers, or kings.

Then no doctors were made to rob man of his breath,
For man was not yet placed under sentence of death;
God knew when he placed them in their first position,
That they who were whole needed not a physician.

Then the world knew no sin, the man knew no unrest,
While he dwelt in the garden his own hands had drest;

Then the Lord of the vineyard, by whom he was blest,
Was his chief adoration, the joy of his breast.

But, both man and the world at once fell from that
state,
At the time the old serpent crept under the gate;
By this, you will see that no trade, or profession,
Was known among men until after transgression.

Then, if all the professions among great and small,
As a point of necessity, follow the fall;
Our pursuits must be varied; and, yet, even then,
In all avocations still let us be *men*.

There can be just as true men who carry the *hod*
As ever were blessed with the image of God;
While the popular ranks of the clergy may swell
With demons as black as the high priest of hell.

Among all the persuasions false prophets abound,
And I know not the place where they can not be
found;
But here let the gist of my argument end,
To continue it further perhaps might offend.

To show you what folks are, has been my design,
That between men and folks, there exists a true line.
To discover that line, is beyond mortal ken,
So we leave it to God to judge who are the men.

A RAMBLE.

I set out on a ramble one morning in May,
When the hill-tops were verdant, and nature was gay,
In the rear of the college I rambled about,
Like a boy when his ma doesn't know he is out.
I roved through the vale, by the murmuring stream,
The sweetest of spots for a poet to dream.
The charms of fair nature enchanted my mind,
As I on a bed of sweet clover reclined.
Fair Flora, the May queen, bade me rest in the bowers,
She was dressed "*a-la-mode*," and adorned with bright
flowers,
Her songsters sang sweet in the trees o'er my head,
While flowers, and sweet clover, bespangled my bed.
In the midst of such beauty you might think me blest,
But, still there were those who deprived me of rest;
'Twas the *Belle* from the town in her gorgeous attire,
As she rambled all round with her young gallant by
her.
But, O! how I pitied that beautiful rover,
To think she should have such a *cur* for a lover;

With his ratan, his moustache, and smoking cigar,
Which are all three obnoxious wherever they are.
"Ah! demme!" he cries, as new sights charm his eye,
And she, more surprised, quickly utters "O, my!"
Would any one think that a lady of taste,
Along with this puppy her moments would waste?
But I shall leave off my description of those
Who are "*non compos mentis*," though dressed in fine clothes;
For, it is a fact, though I've nought to regret,
That none but a fop ever won a coquette.
I next was disturbed by a young Dutchman's frow,
Who, milk-pail in hand, was in search of her cow;
Her heart was as light as the fresh morning air,
Her brow was as pure, and unfurrowed by care,
Her hair lay in ringlets o'er shoulders of snow,
And I fancied this being a stranger to woe.
Such a goddess of beauty, and virtue so rare,
Would drown a man's sorrow, and banish his care;
Make his cottage a palace, unclouded with gloom,
Where cherished affection is always in bloom.
But away with the ladies who paint up so neat,
While ma does the work they're out walking the street;
With stay-sticks, and hoops, with cotton, and paste,
One half of the time at the toilet they waste.
They'll talk of affection, they'll keep up a smile,
Some weak-minded mortal in hopes to beguile,

But, as soon as they're married they'll riot, and revel,
And a man that weds one, better wed with the devil.
She kicks and she thumps him, which raises his ire,
He tries to fight back, but gets thrown on the fire;
He crawls off all smoking, she laughs at his pains,
So he buys him a pistol, and blows out his brains.
Now, any young man ere he gets such a wife,
Had better, by far, put an end to his life.
She'll pull out his hair, 'tis a fault of those witches,
He may soon wear a wig, but she'll wear the breeches.

ADELPHIC HALL, UNION COLLEGE, *May* 30th, 1857.

HARD TIMES OF 1858.

For some months past, throughout our land we've
heard a horrid cry,
'Tis the old familiar adage of, "root hog or die!"
But what's the use of such advice, when every hope
has fled?
In spite of all his *rooting*, the poor old hog is dead.
There's been a crisis in our land I'm sorry to relate,
'Tis felt among the toiling poor, 'tis felt among the
great;
It is the voice of wisdom, she gives us good advice,
To cherish honest industry, and shun the paths of vice.
I'll now proceed, without ado, just as my mind directs.
Explain to you, as best I can, its causes, and effects.
Such evils as extravagance, intemperance, and pride,
Must call on us, as citizens, misfortune's fearful tide;
Those times have been a blessing, deny it if you can,
They strip the arrogant, and proud, and show the real
man;
It teaches us that gentlemen of boasted rank, and
birth,

Are very small, indeed, compared to men of real worth.

The banker boasted of his wealth, he said he had the "rock,"

Because his bank was well secured by pledge of public stock;

He lost the public confidence, which was his only friend,

And then, alas! what could he do? why, nothing but "*suspend.*"

His majesty, I'm sad to say, is growing very thin,

His ears they now protrude a "feet" above the "lion skin."

Commercial men, of every grade, have foundered in the gale,

The reason seems quite plain to me, they carried too much sail.

Yet they may conquer, if they will, by sailing boldly on;

Forsake the dram-shop, and the still, the jug, and demijohn.

Twas at a late convention, cold water held the sway,

And tried to *dampen* all that ardent "spirits" had to say.

Those "spirits" growing angry, made this resolve at length:

"Though long we've been united, our union isn't strength."

Cold water since vowed vengeance on all the *spirit* race,
And on the bloody field of strife has met them face to face.
Vile Alcohol has lost a leg, old *Lager-beer* has fled,
Tobacco quids full many score are numbered with the dead.
I saw, while on the battle-field, where e'er I turned my head,
Few men of *rank* had fallen there, the generals had fled.
Old Brandy perished in the fight, the rust was on his mail,
I saw him yet I knew him not, he was so ghastly *pale;*
Before my eyes, ten thousand troops lay sleeping in their gore,
And then a wish escaped my mind, that 'twere ten thousand more.
I left the scene of blood, and strife, and slowly walked along,
I was convinced the battle was not always with the *strong.*
Could we but have good soldiers to marshal in the field,
Old Alcohol, with all his host, would shortly have to yield.
But now, cold water preachers who sound the trump each day,
Are nothing but "false prophets," clothed in their sheepskin grey.

They'll talk aloud on temperance, until they get so dry,
They'll take a "smile," and moisten up with what they call "old rye."
But, now your whole attention I'll call another way,
About affairs of nation, and what has been to pay.
Our troops have been to Utah, they've made a mighty jam,
To conquer Mormon rebels, and kill their great "I am";
Against those famished Mormons they've made a heavy charge,
But let the saintly Brigham, and his possee run at large.
Ho! next for bleeding Kansas our troops were called away,
To guard the rights of freemen, and fight on 'lection day;
They ate their daily rations, and drank their daily dram.
They slaughtered nought but "pork and beans"; 'tis charged to Uncle Sam.
John Bull is growing sinful, he does not go to church,
He's broke the law of nations, renewed the right of search.
We'll try and show proud Johnny the evil of his ways,
By calling his attention to scenes of other days.

Why do you thus torment us, John? what can you wish
to do?
Are not the scenes of Concord still open to your view?
I'll give you good advice, John, pray listen if you will,
I'll call your whole attention away to Bunker Hill.
Why stand you there aghast, John? where has your
courage fled?
Why beats your pulse so fast, John? while gazing at
the dead?
For, as those bloody scenes, John, appear before your
view,
Just think they're but a shadow of what we now
can do.
John Bull, if you continue to tread upon our corns,
We'll place you in a pretty plight, by knocking off
your horns;
You'll meet a warm reception in every shady arbor,
We'll ask you to take tea, John, way down in Boston
harbor;
We'll steep such heavy drawings out in the boiling
flood,
'Twill set you in commotion, you'll surely lose your *cud*,
While cannons roar like thunder, with stars and stripes
unfurled,
We'll teach you that our seamen fear nothing in the
world.

TRUE PAT–RIOT–ISM.

[The following lines were written at Andes, on the evening of July 4th, 1856, after witnessing a grand display of fireworks, accompanied by a fight between one David Furguson, and a wild Irishman whose given name was Dennis, but whose chivalrous conduct on the occasion, acquired for him the name of "Corporal Barney Sucker."]

'Twas the night of the Fourth, when all through the town,
Rum glasses tipped up, and old "rummies" tipped down,
That the freemen of Andes, who thought it no sin,
Had grown very mellow on whiskey, and gin.

Their hearts were inspired by the spirits they drank,
They selected a captain, who placed them in rank;
With torch-light processions, and bonfires so bright,
Those jolly old "*cobies*" illumined the night.

But the principal actor was Corporal Barney,
As brisk a young lad as e'er came from Killarney;
He was not very tall, he had brogues on his feet,
And his wearing apparel it fitted him neat.

When Barney left Erin, and crossed the rough wave
To this "Land of the free and the home of the brave,"
He was a pat-riot, as well you must know,
Whose "sprig of shillalah" was death to the foe.

Young Barney now wishing to show off his might,
Like Goliath of old, challenged David to fight;
Who let loose a "broadside," his courage to try,
When Barney for quarters was soon heard to cry:

"O, spalpeen! you've kilt me! I'm murthered! I'm dead!
My innocent blood, you have wrongfully shed!
Farewell to 'Green Erin,' blessed land of my birth,
Och! niver again shall I see you on earth!

"And, when I am dead, and laid under the sod,
Where Bridget, my swateheart, so often has trod,
May the saints take my sowl to the regions of bliss,
But the divil fly off with such freedom as this."

But that Barney was Dennis, and he proved unhurt,
For the foe shed no blood save the tearin' his shirt.
But his priest, and his friends, were all grieved for his sake,
For they had expected good times at his wake.

PADDY'S EXPOSITION, OR HYPOCRISY REPROVED.

'Tis sad to see a loafer, as he staggers from the inn,
With his face lit up with *brandy*, and tobacco on his chin.
'Tis horrible to view him as he tumbles in the bog,
To see him trying to get up, and grunting like a hog.

Arrah! ye blaggard dandy! whoever that ye are,
Why sit with *fate* so elevated, smoking that cigar?
Your father was a vagabond, your mother was a rummy,
Who brought ye up to curse, and swear; yer nothing but a mummy.

"Bad luck" to any lady that is always on the flirt,
With gloves upon her fingers, as if afraid of dirt;
And you, hoopskirted damsels, who promenade the street,
Yer mothers once were kitchen maids with brogues upon their feet.

God's curse be on the dochter, so distitute of brains,
Who thinks long beard, and moustache, would ease
a body's pains,
For, any one who calls him, had better far be dead.
He's sawdust in his saddlebags, and gas within his head.

I hate the lying cobbler, though there's honest ones,
perhaps,
Yet from other people's leather, they're always stealing
taps;
And there's the roguish blacksmith, who labors for
your "*tin*,"
He files the clinches from the nails, and thinks it is no
sin.

I also hate the merchants, those very honest men,
If you buy of them five cents' worth, they'll cheat you
out of ten.
The hypocritic clergyman, in death where'er he goes,
It will not do for me to say, the devil only knows.

By the holy saints! I wouldn't be a man of either
trade.
For the debts they owe to the priest of hell, must all
one day be paid.
Then if I lacked the wherewithal, when I no longer
plod,
The devil would foreclose, and take poor Paddy with
his hod.

BROTHER JONATHAN'S GUNPOWDER WEDDING.

As related by Patrick O'Donohou, or some other Patrick, *I dun know who.*

It has long been the custom for *Jones*, *Smith* and
Brown,
And the numerous other big bugs of the town,
To celebrate weddings of silver, and gold,
Where great things are done, and much greater things
told.

When true aristocracy makes a display,
Codfish aristocracy does the same way;
Where the big fish leave off, there the *small fry* begin,
And celebrate weddings of pewter, and tin.

"'Tis a *cushtom, be jabers*," as Patrick once said,
While whusky was doing its work in his head;
And like "St. Patrick's day in the morning," we claim
That the Fourth of July must go on just the same.

And the *spalpeen* would almost be guilty of treason,
To question our motives, or ask for the reason.
The whole world, and some others, now make this
display,
Over Jonathan's Gunpowder Wedding to-day.

But, who is this Jonathan? whence had he birth?
That his fame has gone forth to the ends of the earth;
And *fawt* has he done that is worthy of fame?
"Be dad!" av you'll wait I'll just answer that same.

The strict hour of his birth, the identical spot,
Are historical facts that I may have forgot;
But whither decinded from Normans, or Danes,
You may bet your last cint there's blue blood in his veins.

Whether born on the land, or the water that flows
Round the isles of the Shamrock, the Thistle, and Rose,
Does not add to his glory, or lessen his worth,
He was born to be freedom's defender on earth.

He may have been born on the mountain, or moor,
In the halls of the rich, or the cot of the poor;
He may have been born on the day, or the night,
That St. George overcome the old Dragon in fight.

Or, he may have been born where the storm-petrels fly,
And the waves of the ocean unite with the sky;
Where the song of the siren might lull him to sleep,
While his ocean-built cradle was rocked on the deep.

He was certainly born, and it must have occurred
Some time in the reign of old King George the Third;
Whether born by the SHANNON, the SEVERN, or TAY,
The CLYDE, or the LIFFEY, I'm sure I can't say.

It is claimed that his childhood was wayward, and wild,
And his juvenile efforts were strongly reviled;
But this much I will venture to say for the lad:
In his youth, he was certainly not very bad!

Though his kinsmen may be of the Saxon, or Celt,
While the fruits of the great Magna Charta are felt,
The brave, and the free, will be proud of his birth,
And his name will go down to the inds of the earth.

The child grew and waxed strong in his maternal bowers,
And gave promise of great intellectual powers;
But he spurns the oppressive restraint of the crown,
And he challenges royalty's bitterest frown.

Sure, his hairt it is filled with paternal respect;
Yet, paternal abuse, and paternal neglect,
Compelled him, at last, as an exile to roam,
And seek among strangers for friends, and a home.

It is no pleasant task, as you may be aware,
Our ancestors' foibles, and sins, to lay bare;
But the truth should be told, though it causes us pain,
And the truth you shall have, since I "roise to explain."

It is said that John Bull, in his earlier days,
Was quite dissipated, and wild in his ways;
To frolic, and dance, to drink, and to fight,
Both at home, and abroad, was his chiefest delight.

But his errors of youth, and his follies, "*you bet!*"
In after life caused him the keenest regret,
Through the losses, and crosses, those follies induced:
For evils, like chickens, will come home to roost.

Our examples, you know, are of greatest concern—
While the old *cock* is crowing the *chickens* will learn;
We should guard well our childhood, and youth, if we can,
Since the child must be father, you know, of the man.

My story thus prefaced, I'll hasten on, now,
To the causes that led to this family row;
A sanguine affair, that we still view aghast,
And which led to a dismembered household at last.

John Bull, in his dotage, had grown very vain,
He was rich on the land—he was great on the main;
And he wanted all nations obeisance to pay,
And his haughtiness never could brook much delay.

One time, at QUEBEC, at a national dance,
He got very angry, and jealous of FRANCE;
He had donned all his richest and "*nobbiest*" clothes;
A bright bouquet of rum-blossoms stood on his nose.

His wig was well powdered, as you may suppose,
And his button-hole, too, was adorned with a rose;
For the popular favor, his frantic appeals
Were frequently made, with his *strathspeys*, and *reels*.

But FRANCE, and her favorite hero MONTCALM,
With their brand-new cotillions had borne off the palm;
And old John had taken offence at the slight,
Had kicked up a row, and got into a fight.

With a very high hand, he had carried the day,
And had left poor old FRANCE in a very bad way;
Her garments were tattered, her hero was slain,
John had left her in humiliation and pain.

With high colors, John set out for home, I am sure,
But inwardly feeling uncommon demure;
His hair pulled like "*blazes*" with pain in his head,
While his pockets had niver the face of a "*red*."

The old adage is thrue, I'll be hang'd if it ain't!
Whin the Divil is sick, he's a sort of a saint;
And old penniless John, in his language was warm,
And loud in his vows to retrench and reform.

For a long time, the King, and the Commons, and
Peers,
Had been pulling each other about by the ears;
Devoting much time, and exhausting much skill,
Devising some plan, their exchequer to fill.

The king had grown very morose, and severe,
And had treated young Jonathan very austere;
He called him a spendthrift, a wild reprobate,
He accused him of drinking, and stopping out late.

No doubt he had censured him justly, but yet,
When you see the example the father had set,
You can see that his foibles, and follies, each one,
Had descended direct from the sire to the son.

Whin this "broth of a boy" was one night at a *hop*,
He thought he'd just venture to "*hist in a dhrop*";
He thought he could stop when he had just enough,
And so commenced "*getting outside of the stuff.*"

He endeavored, no doubt, as a Congressman would,
To "put it all where it would do the most good."
And all the time thinking I have not a doubt,
That his blessed old mother well knew he was out.

He just stepped to the front, and he lifted the jug.
And he offered a toast as he drew out the plug;
He revarsed its position and took a good swig,
Then hitched up his pants and stepped out for a jig.

And the piper began playing Rory O'More,
As Jonathan planted both heels on the floor.
On the floor did I say? on Tim Lanigan's toes,
Which brought a response, and a shlap on the nose.

For a genteel apology, Tim did insist,
Which Jonathan gev wid the heel of his fist;
And to make the whole matter still rather more mixed,
He gave a wild flourish, and called for the nixt!

Now, this was a challenge, you'd better believe,
That every one present were glad to receive.
But, who should be next, was a question of doubt,
That all were determined at once to find out.

The brave hearts of old Ireland, who love a free fight,
Felt honored, and proud, to be present that night.
The blood ran like claret, the whisky ran too,
And right fast both the fist, and shillalah now flew.

Till Jonathan, first one to open the ball,
Had won the supreme admiration of all.
He was feted, and treated by every true *Pat*,
And went home rather late with a "brick in his hat."

John Bull and Britannia were both very mad,
And determined they would disinherit the lad;
John called him a *Fenian;* with slang phrase, and cant,
He accused him of being "the son of his aunt."

But Jonathan would not withstand this disgrace,
So he gev the old man a shmart slap in the face.
For this breach of the peace he just gev them "*leg bail*,"
And he boarded a ship that was ready to sail.

With the love for green Erin still strong in his breast,
He bade her adieu, and set sail for the west;
He had heard *Uncle Sam*, who lived over the water,
Had slathers of gold, and a beautiful daughter.

But Jonathan, unlike your renegade "tramps,"
Had his heart set on love, and not on the *stamps*.
He had sown his wild oats, he would settle in life,
He would court fair Columbia, and take her to wife.

And, if the old folks ever offered to scold,
They might go to that place where it never grows cold!
He would never submit to the power of the throne,
While he held a full hand, he would "*play it alone*."

Sure, the heart in his bosom was loving, and brave,
And Columbia was fair as a nymph of the wave;
And this gallant young lover as might be supposed,
Found his love was returned, so he quickly proposed.

And, she modestly told him to ask the old gent,
And *Uncle Sam* willingly gave his consent.
When the news was conveyed to the king and the queen,
They both flew in a rage, and give vent to their spleen.

The king said: allegiance, they surely must *own*,
An' their license be stamped, with the stamp of the crown,

Pay the tax on their tea, and what else I've forgot,
Or he'd make the new climate for them rather hot!

Uncle Sam got the letter, and read the demand,
He took out his jackknife, with countenance bland,
He sharpened a quill, gave a wink of his eye,
And this reception ticket he sent in reply.

With a temper unruffled, an' visage serene,
He sent his respects to the king, and the queen;
He invited them both for the wedding to fix,
Which he said would take place July 4th, '76.

He requested their majesties early to dine,
To join in the dance, and partake of the wine;
The path to his cabin they'd find, without doubt,
And the latch-string they'd find, for it always hung out.

And the young couple, also, had sent their regards,
And their names nately stamped on two beautiful cards;
After signing his name, and then scratching his head,
As a sort of a postscript, he still further said:

And av' you respect us we'll meet on the *livil*,
Av' you treat us with scorn, you may go to the *divil!*
But what made John Bull all the more in a rage,
A spread eagle was stamped on the top of the page.

John Bull was resolved to give vent to his spite,
But thought he would do it in manner polite;

So, he said, in reply, as your sarvent, and friend,
I am wonderful sorry I can not attend;

But, of late, I have suffered so much with the gout,
That I don't think it prudent just now to be out;
But beg you'll accept this small present from me,
And he sent a full cargo of gunpowder tea.

But the worst of the *sell*, and the more to his shame,
A remarkable tax he had laid on the same;
And then, as a postscript, he ventured to say,
This tribute, he hoped they were willing to pay.

Uncle Sam vowed the tea should not come in his arbor,
And ordered it emptied out into the harbor;
'Twas a mighty big drawing, at one time, to steep,
But he vowed it should all be consigned to the deep;

And when the last chest of the cargo might sink,
He would send word for *John* to come over and drink;
And then he would see if this gouty old *moak*,
Would acknowledge the sell, or would relish the joke.

John Bull he came over with clamor, and noise,
And he brought a whole lot of his red-coated boys;
There was not enough to prohibit the feast,
But enough for a Skimmington party, at least.

It was rather dry fun for old John and the boys,
And dearly they paid for their clamor and noise;

But, John was determined to get up a row,
And he thought this the best way to do it, somehow.

How hard they did dance, and how fast they did play,
And how old John, at last, had the piper to pay;
How it drained his old pockets completely of gold,
Is the story old John never likes to hear told.

For when this old Briton got out of the spree,
And returned to his sand heap way off in the sea,
He looked 'bout as thin as the "last run of shad";
He was friendless, and poor, and he doubtless felt bad.

Every hair on his head was pulled out by the root,
They had "*shaded*" his eyes, and had "*busted his snoot*";
With one arm in a sling, and a halt in his gait,
With small patches of canvas all over his pate.

They had drained him of money, and maimed him in limb,
And oh! such a *head*, as they put upon him!
It was always a myst'ry just how he contrived,
To get over that drubbing, but yet he survived.

If you call on the old man, to get his advice,
And ask him how war goes, he says it is *nice!*
But, he says, that the Yankees are all a tough set,
That it don't pay to pick up a row with "*You bet*"!

But the wedding took place, they had sent for the
priest,
The guests were invited, and came to the feast;
The vows were exchanged, and the nuptial bands tied,
When every one present saluted the bride.

When the feasting and dancing were finally done,
Uncle Sam bestowed blessings on daughter, and son,
No doubt they were happy in thus being blest;
So, excuse me, dear friends, av I don't tell the rest.

I will mention no more than all hist'ry relates,
That *Columbia* is now the proud mother of states.
Her sons and her daughters are honest and true,
And comely as any the world ever knew.

Her household extends from the east to the west,
And her family government is of the best;
She is modest and matronly, pious and staid,
And her virtuous precepts are always obeyed.

If her children, who live at the North, or the South,
Come round making complaints, with both thumbs in
their mouth,
With decision and promptness she meets the behoof,
With instant, impartial, maternal reproof.

Old Jonathan sits by his own cabin door,
With his jack-knife, he whittles all over the floor;

He makes for the children small playthings and toys,
While he tells old war stories to flatter the boys.

He relates of the wonderful heroes of old,
And his stories grow larger the more they are told;
And oh! how it flatters his national pride,
To tell how he courted, and won his young bride.

Every Fourth of July, he still loves to array
In his old regimentals, and make a display;
With his old striped pants, and his pigeon-tailed coat,
With plug hat, and a bandanna tied round his throat.

With his rusty old broadsword all mounted with brass,
Like the one Balaam wished for to strike at the ass;
He plays *Yankee Doodle* on drum, and on fife,
And feels twenty-four degrees bigger than life.

Young America always comes out on that day,
To burn firecrackers, and hear the band play.
While we play Hail Columbia may time never fail
To preserve both Columbia, and Jonathan hale.

John Bull may get sick this hot Fourth of July,
While his dog-star lays panting for breath in the sky;
He may sit down in sadness, and count up the cost,
And think of the beautiful land he has lost.

He may venture to boast of the seas he has sailed,
But don't like to speak of the time he got *whaled;*

When we shaved his fierce lion, and put him to bed,
And gave him such doses of powder and lead.

Excuse us for boasting, we certainly claim,
We have powders the fierce British lion to tame;
And like skillful physicians, when powder's won't heal,
We'll try *heroic treatment*—resort to the *steel.*

But we will not deride "the old man of the sea,"
We are friends now, and hope we forever shall be;
We would not rejoice at his sorrow and pain,
But we feel that his loss was our eternal gain.

In the *censer* of freedom, on Liberty's *urn*,
May a gunpowder incense eternally burn;
While we tread the same paths which our forefathers trod,
May this incense we burn be accepted of God!

July 4th, 1875.

THE PICNIC.

You have met here, to-day, on this beautiful spot,
'Tis superfluous now, to say why, or for what.
When I see the sly leer you all have in one eye,
I am fully convinced that you all well know why.

You are, all of you, patterns of virtue, no doubt,
And you know how you ought to behave when you're out.
Yet respect for the truth still compels me to say,
You have come here with very *loose habits* to-day.

And forgive me, I pray, should I choose to disclose
Your motives for wearing your roomiest clothes;
For, to use an expression they have on the seas,
Every stitch of your canvas is spread to the breeze.

You have set every sail, I am telling no fib,
Every mainsail, top-gallant, and spanker, and jib;
Your vessels are ready, and still you must wait
Till orders are given to take in your freight.

There are veterans here, there are those in their teens,
Who are brave in the battles of old *pork and beans.*
On their prowess, and tactics, they firmly rely,
And before their fierce onset, how rations will fly.

They are brave, I have said, but just notice their eyes,
For they never lose sight of the *base of supplies.*
It has come here in baskets, in boxes, and kegs,
But, believe me, 'twill most of it go off on legs.

I have never believed that a table would groan,
If it does, you will not let it suffer alone;
But I warn you in time not to eat till in pain,
For your *store-clothes* may never endure such a strain.

No doubt, at this moment, some sly little wretch
Is hoping his skin will be able to stretch;
But what if some unlucky sneeze, or a cough,
Should make every pewter-faced button fly off?

Your mother, no doubt, has arranged all your clothes,
And shown you the manner of wiping your nose;
But she never has dreamed, nor she never has planned,
To see you supporting your pants with your hand.

This saying, we have, when we wish to talk loose,
"What is sauce for the gander, is sauce for the goose,"
And these accents of warning, that fall from my tongue,
Are as good for the old, as they are for the young

Yet, while I admonish, I'm free to confess,
There is one conundrum I never could guess;
Why is it, that all men—the living, and dead,
Have been slaves to the stomach, and not to the head?

While sages have reasoned, have argued, and wrote,
Whole fortunes have steadily gone down the throat;
Can lords of creation, who reason, and think,
See nothing to strive for, but victuals and drink?

That man's "god is his belly," is certainly clear,
For he always has paid it devotion sincere,
He first eat himself out of bright Eden's retreat—
He can't eat himself into another as neat!

The preacher has prayed, and the hero has bled,
But, the chief end of man is to labor for bread;
Yet, our bread supplication seems "*rather too thin*,"
While we want all the other *side dishes* thrown in.

I had hoped when I started to scribble this song,
To convince you that too hearty eating was wrong,
If I cautioned you well against eating too free,
The chances would be all the better for me.

But I might as well stop, it is useless to prate,
For all I can say will not alter my fate.
If you get the first hold of the cake, and the pie,
With calm resignation I'll bid it good-by.

For the dog that is starving, and snatches your bread,
Though you wallop the ladle right over his head,
Or strive to persuade him, by twisting his tail,
Against him you can not expect to prevail.

When the wolf, that has got you secure in his paws,
Lays flapping his tail, and just smacking his jaws,
You can read your own doom in the animal's face,
While he shows you his manner of saying his *grace.*

When the hangman has drawn the black cap on your head,
And the last fervent prayer for your soul has been said;
With your neck in the halter, I can not believe
You would venture to cherish one hope for reprieve.

It is nearly so here, 'tis a desperate case,
I can read my own doom in the lines of your face;
If I wait for your signal, to join the repast,
I shall certainly find myself *minus* at last.

But, don't flatter yourselves with this tale I have told,
If you do, you will certainly find you are *sold;*
If you strive with this chicken because he is lame,
You will make up your minds he is all over *game!*

Lo! here is the stomach, and here is the mouth,
That looks small to you now on account of the drouth,
But, when at the table I stretch forth my hand,
You'll see how these waistbands are made to expand.

Five *loaves*, and two *fishes*, ten *cheeses*, one *ham*,
Twelve dozen of eggs, and a firkin of jam,
Six pies, and four puddings, or I am a dunce,
Can all be crammed under these waistbands at once!
(*fact.*)

Now, if you believe every word I relate,
You'll make up your minds I am somebody great,
(*great hog.*)
And while you will wonder, you'll doubtless incline
To learn something more in my ancestral line;

Well, old Tubal-cain was a worker of brass,
And the same may be said of the whole of his class,
My descent straight from him you can easily trace,
Which accounts for the *brass* you all see in my face.

But, I'll stop all this *blowing*, you're anxious to go,
And I know you would much rather hear the horn
blow;
When the stomach is empty, and sighing for cake,
Such thin stuff as this is unpleasant to take.

When you go to the tables, don't gobble your food
Till your eyes from their sockets completely protrude.

Although you look leaner than Pharaoh's kine,
I would not advise you to eat like the swine.

If you cram in your food till you stifle your breath,
Your greediness may be the cause of your death;
Although you might wish for this mode of release,
Your latest, and best occupation would cease.

Should you reach the dark river inflated, and puffing,
As doubtless you would on account of your stuffing,
The sensible ferryman, doubtless, would think
Your uncommon weight would incline you to sink.

From the shores of the blest you might have to retire,
And take a location too close to the fire,
Where gluttons, no doubt, would all get their just due,
And old Satan would "*whoop it up*" lively to you.

[*Post-Obit.*]

REWARD OF MERIT.

When pilgrims, on life's weary road,
O'erburdened, sink beneath their load,
Long elegies are often penned
By some poor simple-minded friend,
In which a long account is given
How their winged souls took flight to heaven;
While many, I am sad to say,
Have no doubt gone the other way.
Yes! gone the downward road by *rail!*
And not with *wings*, but *horns and tail!*
And while on earth, their friends may boast,
Down deep in hell the victims roast!
Instead of wearing robes of light,
They smell with sulphur day and night.
How little earthly mortals know
Of heaven above, or hell below!
We know they've gone to their repose,
But *where* they've gone, God only knows!
The *press* is stifled all the time
With hash of blank verse, prose, and rhyme,

Which makes the printer hang his head
And swear "The fools are not all dead!"
When I've got my last change of shirt,
And fill death's furrow in the dirt,
I pray that no unlettered muse
Will then my memory abuse
With farewell ode, or parting hymn—
"*Lines written on the death of* JIM!"
Heap the green sod—rear the rough stone—
Let showy epitaphs alone;
That I am dead is all, at best,
You'll ever know—God knows the rest!

[A Grange Poem.]

THE GREEN AND THE BLUE.

FIRST, OR ROSE-COLORED VERSION.

AIR—*Red, White, and Blue.*

THE first Patron was Master of Eden,
His God was Grand Master above,
While the man lived in peace with his Maker,
His lodge was a harem of love.
Sweet flowers shed their odors around him,
Bright stars shone resplendent to view,
While the glad orb of day, in his glory,
Lit up both the Green and the Blue.

Chorus.

Then welcome the Green and the Blue,
The God-given Green and the Blue,
The flower-decked Green and the star-spangled Blue,
The God-given Green and the Blue.

The first middle-man was the devil,
Who set up a traffic with Eve,
While he coiled his huge rings all around her,
He smiled, but he smiled to deceive.

Man fled from the wrath of Jehovah,
Bright Eden was lost to his view,
But God, in his infinite mercy,
Still left him the Green and the Blue.

Chorus.

Then welcome the Green and the Blue,
The God-given Green and the Blue,
Since God, in his infinite mercy,
Has left him the Green and the Blue.

The Creator still cares for the Patron,
With brown hands accustomed to toil,
He gave him the plow for a sceptre,
And crowned him the king of the soil.
The dome of his palace is azure,
His carpet of emerald hue,
Whether peasant or king, the true Patron
Still holds to the Green and the Blue.

Chorus.

Then welcome the Green and the Blue,
The God-given Green and the Blue,
Whether peasant or king, the true Patron
Still holds to the Green and the Blue.

By his own glowing ingle, in quiet,
The time-honored Patron may dose,
When the winter of age is upon him,
And life shall be near to its close.

While the earth showers blessings around him,
Bright heaven is still in his view,
For he longs, at the close of his labor,
To sleep on the Green 'neath the Blue.

Chorus.

Then welcome the Green and the Blue,
The God-given Green and the Blue,
May we all, at the close of our labor,
Repose 'neath the Green and the Blue.

SECOND VERSION.

AIR—*Old Rosin la Beau.*

Old Ad., the first man in creation—
The first one we read of at least—
Married early in life, and rented
A snug little farm in the east.
The terms with his landlord were easy—
The soil was productive and fine—
He could eat of the fruit of the garden,
Or drink of the juice of the vine.

Chorus.

He could drink of the juice of the vine—
He could drink of the juice of the vine—
He could eat of the fruit of the garden,
Or drink of the juice of the vine.

That Ad. was unskilled in his calling,
Was certainly plain to be seen,
For he let the weeds grow in his garden,
And gathered his apples too green.
His gate stood ajar, and the devil,
A jew peddler, stole in one day,
And he claimed the attention of Eve,
For he knew that old Ad. was away.
Chorus.—For he knew that old Ad. was away, etc.

He told her his goods were the scheapest—
He called her the nicest of girls—
He sold her false calves, and huge bustles,
Fresh paint, palpitators and curls;
He told her although it might look well,
Still some one would consider her rude,
If she followed the discarded fashion
Of going in public so nude.
Chorus.—Of going in public so nude, etc.

A few dimes for external improvements,
Eve spent, never dreaming of harm,
'Till she traded, and traded, and traded
Old Adam quite out of his farm;
For when the Lord came in the garden,
To stroll in the cool of the day,
He called on old Ad. for his rent,
But the devil a cent could he pay.
Chorus.—But the devil a cent could he pay, etc.

The wrath of the landlord was kindled—
He told them to "git up and dust!"
They heard his command with deep sorrow,
Although they well knew it was just.—
Ad. knew there was no use of talking,
And yet, was determined to swear;
He cursed every body around him,
While the devil came in for his share.
[*Chorus.*

Ad. packed up his duds in a hurry,
Lit out on the emigrant trail,
With Eve dressed in "store clothes" beside him,
They "hoofed it" along through the vale;
He knew Eve had been very foolish,
The devil had treated him vile,
Yet he knew if good fortune attended,
He could certainly yet make his pile.
[*Chorus.*

But still, the same spirit of evil,
Pursued both the man and his wife,
Their prŏfligate course in the garden,
Had rendered them wretched for life.
Wherever they stopped for a season,
Ad. found his best efforts were vain,
For his boys were determined to quarrel,
His termagant wife would rise Cain!
[*Chorus.*

Black imps like our untutored Red-skins,
Cut up all the antics of fools;
They drowned all his swine in the river,
Stampeded his asses and mules;
Grim Death, with his tomahawk lifted,
Hung round poor old Ad. unaware,
And surprised him one night in his tent,
And succeeded in "lifting his hair."
[*Chorus.*

Nobody took care of the children
When Ad. was tucked under the ground,
They had to go root for a living,
And so they got scattered around.
While a *Lot* of them tarried in Sodom—
Whenever the south wind might blow,
Hot ashes, and fire and sulphur,
Blew up from the regions below.
[*Chorus.*

Long ages have rolled since creation—
Long ages of sorrow and woe—
Old Adam and Eve with some others,
Have "gone where the good niggers go";
War, pestilence, famines and floods,
Have swept every region and zone;
Still the plucky descendants of Adam
Have stubbornly held to their own.
[*Chorus.*

They have made the earth bloom like a garden,
Despite all their sorrows and cares,
While the spirit of evil has followed,
To scatter both brambles and tares.
Yet the earth still continues her bounties,
And all might be happy to-day,
But our rulers, like so many leeches,
Are stealing our life-blood away.
[*Chorus.*

While Grant, the expensive old codger,
Grand mogul of Uncle Sam's ranch,
Smokes his chops that are well soaked in whisky.
And is sunning his shins at Long Branch,
While Congressmen calling for back pay,
Scream worse than a brood of young loons,
The chief Butler, while one eye stands sentry,
With the other is searching for spoons!
[*Chorus.*

While cliques and monopolies flourish,
While taxes forever increase,
While defaulters are fleeing from justice,
Still warbling, "Let us have peace."
For the brave-hearted, honest producer,
No peace on this earth can be found,
Till his soul has forsaken his body,
And his body is under the ground.
[*Chorus.*

CORRESPONDENCE FOR THE OFFERING,

A SCHOOL PAPER.

THROUGH your columns, dear "*Offering*," permit me to state,
As no news of importance is found to relate,
That, unmoved by the world, or the times as they go,
Our own little ville remains in *statu quo*.
Though all tongues are busy, and, as it appears,
One half are all eyes, and the rest are all ears;
Yet our *villains* have long been accustomed to meet
In Weaver's Hotel, at 290 Main street,
To make observations on things as they pass,
And on *special* occasions indulge in a *glass*.
'Tis no uncommon thing, as they stand at the bar
Exhaling the fumes of a burning cigar,
To hear them break forth in a lively debate,
Concerning affairs of the nation, and state.
But, what I have said, let me further evince,
By describing a scene which occurred not long since.
"On a night," as all old story-tellers begin,
Your most humble servant by chance happened in,

And without reservation, was freely allowed
A most comprehensive survey of the crowd.
At the bar, by the stove, and in various places,
Were many familiar, but hard-looking faces,
Who loved to discourse on the signs of the times,
Or, to plead at the bar, and dispose of their dimes.
As the right of discussion was never prevented,
All factions, and parties, were well represented.
As I stood contemplating, the ponderous door
Was quickly thrown open, and in came one MORE;
At which DANE brightened up, as if cured of the *Blues*,
And he made this remark: Uncle LINUS what news?
The last news I have, and the only, in fact,
Is that Congress has passed a long conscription act;
An act which, 'tis thought, in the end will devour
All sovereign state-rights by arresting their power.
DANE was not surprised at the news he had heard;
When contemplating what had already occurred,
He considered no act of oppression too strong
For a Congress to pass, who delighted in wrong.
CLUTE said: such remarks, though considered "*right smart*,"
Came from one who was truly "SECESSION" at heart.
The excitement increasing, a lengthy reply
On direct party issue was madė by JOHN Y.,
At conclusion of which, an indignant retort,
As to national wrongs, was indulged in by SHORT.
Says SINES: though sincerely you love to applaud

Party acts of corruption, oppression and fraud,
Among all other nations, you can not find one
That would suffer these wrongs, as our nation has done.
BURR said: the corruption, and sins of the nation,
Should not be ascribed to the administration;
That the president's course, though uncomely to view,
Was in keeping with what we required him to do.
MASON said: that ABE LINCOLN committed one error,
The day he established his vile "Reign of Terror."
What power was within the Executive's reach,
Which allowed him to trammel the freedom of speech?
Was it meet that OLD ABE should allow any body
To wrong our brave troops with fat contracts of *"Shoddy?"*
His concluding remarks were high seasoned, and bitter,
Against *"Honest"* ABE, the great western rail-splitter;
When, to what had been said, some remarks very vague,
As a sort of reply, were set forward by CRAIG.
Thus they spoke, *pro* and *con*, to confirm, or refute,
While, just back of the counter, the landlord stood mute;
He had nothing to do with political trash,
His whole trade was in *rum*, which he sold for the cash,
And, when all of his bottles, at last, became dry,
By unanimous vote they adjourned *"Sine die."*

When your poor correspondent, with "*nary a red*,"
Was compelled to go, more than half sober, to bed.
Upon all I have said, you can firmly rely,
And, with these few remarks, let me bid you good-by.

1861.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE SOCIAL.

THOUGH oft we meet, the young and gay,
To pass the evening hours away
In youthful glee, yet who shall know
The good that from such meetings grow.

Our treasury, though filling slow,
Some future day, may overflow;
Our money, if applied aright,
May far excel the widow's mite.

Days, months, and years may pass away,
And time may change the young, and gay,
Still, minds with richest knowledge stored
May gather round our festive board.

May God, in goodness, e'er attend
To all the comforts of our friend,
Whose ample store has made us, here,
Partakers of such earthly cheer.

Shall we, who now are in our prime,
Be crushed beneath the car of time?
And shall no documents remain
To prove we have not lived in vain?

No! let us all unite as one,
To finish what we have begun;
Raise high the banner on the wall,
And gain the victory e'er we fall!

And, may religion still abound,
And cast its cheering rays around;
While heaven's pure lamp is shining o'er,
To light us to the other shore.

1860.

MOTTO FOR THE EVERLASTING VISITORS

OF THE BREAD AND BUTTER BRIGADE.

It is not on the battle-field that we would wish to die,
There is so little glory there "you can put it in your eye";
But, in the cabin of some friend, we'll draw our latest breath,
Intrenched behind his festive board, we'll eat ourselves to death.
We've taken many a field by *storm*, and never fired a gun;
We love to march where *rations* fly, where *tea* and *coffee* run;
Our foemen tremble in their boots, and shun our serried host,
And yet I think our warmest friends have cause to fear us most;
And should they steal a march on us, we know what we're about,
They'll never take us by *surprise*, but always find us *out;*
Not that we ever would retreat, for that would bring disgrace,
But, put it in a milder form, we'll only change our *base.*

LINES

Respectfully dedicated to THOMAS and CHRISTIANA COLLINS, on the death of an adopted Daughter.

YE mourning friends hear what I say
Of her whom death has called away.
Strive not against the will of God.
Bow in submission to the rod.

She's gone, but why should we lament?
She's gone the way the prophets went.
In death what terror should there be
When sent to set the spirit free?

What soul in sin would wish to plod
Rather than soar away to God,
And leave behind the things of earth,
To wear a crown of priceless worth?

Her heart was always light and free,
She was a precious gem to thee;
The suns of fifteen summers fair
Had found and left her free from care.

Her brow was of angelic mien,
Where clouds of grief were seldom seen.
Her mortal tenement lies cold,
And tenantless within the mould!

She rests secure with all her bloom
Inside the portals of the tomb.
Where can our mortal bodies rest
If not upon our mother's breast?

'Tis sweet to draw our latest breath
And sleep the final sleep of death;
It should dispel our every fear
To know in death that God is near.

He claims the spirit which he gave,
He will not leave it in the grave;
He calls us to his throne on high
In realms of bliss beyond the sky.

Mourn not for her by death set free;
More fitting she should mourn for thee,
Thus left to wander here below,
In this dark vale of grief and woe.

We linger here in dark suspense,
We know that God will call us hence;
We shudder at the dreadful hour
When we shall feel his sovereign power.

Death's dangers all have got to brave,
And buffet Jordan's stormy wave!
Her earthly troubles all are o'er,
She's safe at last on Canaan's shore.

Oswego, 1858.

THE BIBLE.

[Lines written in an Album, Oswego, Sept. 4th, 1858.]

The Bible is your chart and guide,
As o'er life's troubled sea you glide;
When storms arise, and billows roll,
It is the anchor of the soul.

God is your Pilot, never fear,
He stills the waves, the port is near;
That light, which shineth from afar,
Is Hope, your only beacon star.

When you approach the throne of grace,
And bow before a Saviour's face,
Beseech Omnipotence for me,
Ask him to set sin's captive free.

That we may leave these shores of time,
Both bound for that celestial clime.
In that bright zone, no polar snows,
Nor tropic whirlwind ever blows.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE PAST.

The day has gone, and night has wrapt her robes around the earth,
My wife and I, with children dear, have gathered round the hearth;
Far down the halls of memory salutes my anxious gaze,
Through smiles and tears of bygone years, "the light of other days."

My pulses seem to quicken now, my heart is bounding light,
Some forty well remembered years are guests with me to-night;
I'll stir the embers in the grate, I'll bar the outer door,
And through the microscopic mind I'll view the moments o'er.

The streams of grief and care that cut these channels in my brow,
The toils that warp my body so are all unheeded now;

Once more I'll seek the vale of youth, and in her tranquil bowers,
I'll gather up the wasted joys of childhood's happy hours;

I'll call my playmates round me here, though distant they have strayed,
I hear their merry echoes yet, though long since we have played;
My fondest recollections cluster round those days of yore,
Companions of my joyous youth, I greet you all once more!

Come from the quiet shades of life, come from the busy mart.
My fire burns bright, but brighter glow love's embers in my heart;
Away with stiff formalities, away with idle pomp,
We'll join in childish sports once more, we'll laugh, and shout, and romp.

Although my straggling locks are thin, and sprinkled o'er with gray,
I'll be a merry child once more, and join in childish play.
I've called, and, getting no response, I'm wearied with delay,
I've bid you welcome with my heart, why do you stay away?

Fool that I am! how could I be so knowingly absurd?
To think you would respond to what your ears have never heard!
No human voice can compass an eternity so vast,
No human hand can tether time, or resurrect the past!

With bitter thoughts, we oft declare life's sweetest moments fled,
We can not call one moment back, we can not wake the dead!
Through human weakness, while we tread time's rough, uncertain shore,
We vainly look behind for those we know have gone before.

Alive, or dead, my playmates all, are scattered o'er the earth,
While I in moody silence sit beside my cheerful hearth;
One single witness still remains, who knows my early life,
The youthful maid I wooed and won, and cherish as my wife.

She, too, has gone, and in her place a matron staid and sage,
With threads of silver in her hair, and visage blanched with age;

So, time has foiled my vain desires, and slighted all my
prayers,
Has weighed me down with weight of years, and cum-
bered me with cares.

Kind spirit of the "glass and scythe," our friend, and
not our foe,
You follow, as the husbandman, to harvest what we sow;
That, when age brings dearth of pleasures, and cum-
bering care annoys,
From time's o'erflowing granaries we'll feast on gar-
ner'd joys.

As we have sown, so let us reap, our mingled wheat
and tares,
Nor mourn that time has stored for us, alike our joys
and cares;
We can not change one law of God, of this our Maker
warns;
"From thistles can we hope for figs? or gather grapes
from thorns?"

Time can not rob us of our joys, nor add one single care,
God, the good husbandman, to us, has meeted each his
share;
To know what time may store for us, is still beyond
our powers,
The past and present we possess, the future shall be
ours.

Should future years increase my cares, and future ills
be mine,
I'll bear my cross with manly grace, nor venture to
repine ;
When dangers thicken round my way, with darkness
overcast,
I'll turn from present troubles and be happy in the
past.

DID YOU EVER?

Did you ever, from the mountain tops, with soul aglow
with hope,
Behold the morning sunlight streaming down the
eastern slope?
Did you ever think the morning air was rather cold
and chill?
Did you ever think the mid-day would be warmer,
brighter still?

When the sun had reached its zenith, and the earth
was warm and bright,
Did you ever long for evening and the cooling shades
of night?
Did you ever watch in sadness for the night to pass
away?
Did you ever strain your vision for the coming light
of day?

Did you ever walk in shadows when the morning sun
was high,
With not one cloud, or earthly thing, between you and
the sky?

The golden orb above your head had never ceased to roll,
But you walked in your own shadow, 'twas the shadow
of the soul.

Did you ever, in your childhood, have a peaceful
happy home?
Did you ever, in a wild mood, have a strong desire to
roam?
Did you leave your boon companions for the fields of
human strife,
A soldier in the ranks that storm the frowning hills of
life?

Before you, on the mountain brow, air-castles stood in
view,
Yon thought had been, by unseen hands, erected there
for you;
You thought to summon all your force, one hasty
march to make,
Those battlements, with all their strength, you would
surprise and take.

Alas! how many soldiers brave, have heard those bugle
calls,
Have stormed the heights, and met their fate before
those castle walls!
Campaigns have closed, and ages rolled, unnumbered
suns have set,
Those castle walls, those battlements, were never taken
yet!

Since fallen man was driven from that Eden of the
blest,
His footsteps have been guided by the spirit of unrest;
In darkness in the valley he may wander to and fro,
But can never reach the summit of ambition here below,

Though he walks the earth surrounded by an atmos-
phere of light,
His guilty conscience makes him feel that all around
is night;
The sombre shadows of that night shall never pass
away,
Until his spirit greets the light of everlasting day.

THE PLOUGHHOLDERS RIDE IN THE BONDHOLDER'S WAKE.

[Read at a Grange Picnic at Perch Lake, Oct. 2, 1877.]

Old farmers, and young, who have met here to-day,
I advise you to ponder on what I shall say;
I will read you a fable your minds to amuse,
You may study the moral whenever you choose.

In the town of "*Old Shoddy*" a bondholder died;
For interment his friends to a farmer applied;
They requested the farmer to furnish the land,
And to scoop out the grave with his own brawny hand.

And they wanted this ploughman to furnish the purse,
That should pay for the coffin, and pay for the *hearse;*
They desired him still further provisions to make,
For pall-bearers, and mourners, to ride in his wake.

This same farmer was one who had seen better days,
But had met with misfortunes in various ways;
When his country, by traitors, was basely betrayed,
His sons were the first ones to offer her aid.

He had seen them depart for the internal strife,
With hearts beating high, in the morning of life;
But long e'er that internal contest was o'er,
The low muffled drum had been heard at his door.

They had suffered in *bivouac*, in *charge*, and in *rout*,
Until Death, the grim hero, had mustered them out;
And now, on the hill-side where oft they had played
In their juvenile moments, their bodies were laid.

Though the farmer felt sorely this chastening rod,
Yet he bowed, as it were, in submission to God;
Though the cup of his sorrow seemed now running o'er,
It appears he was destined to suffer still more.

For, while his poor country lay bleeding and torn,
While her load seemed too grievous and hard to be borne,
She had said to the *rich*, who had staid from the fight,
Who were holding the mouths of their money-bags tight,

If you'll lend me your treasures, expense to defray,
In the future you shall have no taxes to pay;
The brave ploughman has fought, the brave ploughman has bled,
And, while countless brave ploughmen now sleep with the dead,

Yet the few who remain shall still labor and sweat,
To keep up your interest, and pay off your debt;

For his courage in battle, for hardships untold,
I will pay him in *paper*, but pay you in *gold.*

You can live at your ease, can go here or go there,
Over roads he must build, and must keep in repair,
While the ploughman in peace, the true hero in war,
Shall be chained by his neck to the wheels of your car.

'Twas a crime born of sorrow in moments of grief,
From which the poor ploughman could find no relief;
Still, he knew, by the country he loved and obeyed,
He had been with the basest ingratitude paid.

While he suffered oppression, from unequal laws,
And knew the bondholder to be the sole cause,
It might well be expected the case would create
In his bosom the bitterest feelings of hate.

In this view of the facts, it seemed very absurd,
They should call on the ploughman to see him interred;
But, the hand of the ploughman has never been staid,
When the friend, or the foe, has applied for his aid.

Though he made no expression of joy, or surprise,
When he heard of the bondholder's sudden demise,
He might really breathe one deep sigh of relief.
Where life caused him no joy, death could cause him no grief.

But he made the arrangements they wished him to make,
And prepared for a ride in the bondholder's wake;
He had sent for the hearse, and he went for the priest,
With whom he repaired to the house of deceased.

They arrive in due season, the people await,
And the once proud bondholder is lying in *state;*
At the house of sham mourning they usher them in,
And the obsequies final and formal begin.

THE OBSEQUIES.

The preacher stretches forth his hand strict quiet to restore,
And then he takes the sacred Book, and turns the pages o'er;
He sharply scans each line and verse, he vainly hopes to find,
Some balm to heal the wounded heart, and soothe the troubled mind.

And still he turns the sacred Book, on every page of which
He finds much comfort for the *poor*, but nothing for the *rich;*
"A camel through a needle's eye can easier be driven,
Than can a rich man enter in the broad domains of heaven."

He reads, then tells how God desires we all should
pass our lives,
And then he reads the parable of *Lazarus* and *Dives;*
There is no other passage within the preacher's scope,
That could offer less of comfort, or could give so little
hope.

Although he gave no solace, loud and fervently he
prayed
For God who is the mourners' friend, to give the
mourners aid.
They sang: "Believing we rejoice"—then paused, as
if reproved,
The ploughman finished out the line—"to see the
curse removed."

The mountain echoes caught the strain, as if they too
approved,
And shouted back in loud refrain, "to see the *curse*
removed."
He was removed, they bore his body from the house
away,
And what a motley cortege followed in his wake that
day.

There were rogues arrayed in satin, there was Honor
plainly clad,
There were others dressed in mourning, looking pen-
sive but not sad;

The ploughman and some others rode with visages austere,
They could not feel to mourn for one who never shed a tear.

They laid him in his narrow house, then quickly left the ground,
The ploughman staid to fill the grave, and raise the little mound;
And while he piled the cold, damp earth above that narrow tomb,
The relatives were "*going*" for the pile he left at home.

It is no loss, and few will mourn when avarice expires,
It lightens up our burdens, as it shortens their desires;
For the man who never labors to earn his daily bread,
Is a clog to human progress, and less trouble when he's dead.

Brave ploughmen, do not murmur when your road seems steep and rough,
Your hearts are brave—your limbs are strong, your hands are brown and tough;
There's honor in each manly breast, and sunlight in each eye,
Your destiny is in the hands of One who rules on high.

Be not dismayed when poison shafts of Calumny assail,
Against your strong position, they never can prevail;
Don't count it a misfortune when your burdens bear you down,
For, if you do not bear the cross, you can not wear the crown.

The rich may keep their gilded halls, and hoard their bloated wealth,
You have your own pure mountain air, your honor and your health;
And God, in his munificence to all, has freely given,
Each one may have his share of Green, and all the Blue of heaven.

The earth may yield you heaps of wealth, from mines of richest ore,
May shower her bounties round you, but she can not give you more;
Nor can the boasted wealth of kings possess the power to save
Them from one common level, when they gather in the grave.

And when you pass death's silent stream, and reach the shining shore,
Your aches and pains, your weary limbs, shall trouble you no more;

For all may cast life's burdens from their shoulders
when they die,
And with unwearied feet may walk the golden streets
on high.

HOME IN THE HEART.

To-day I left my mountain home to seek the busy mart,
And, yet, I keep that mountain home still sacred in my heart;
To-night I walk the steamer's deck, or sit me down to muse,
My thoughts all dressed in sombre garb, and colored with the "*Blues.*"
I think upon the loving ones that I have left behind,
Who, although absent in the flesh, are present in the mind;
And while I seek the gay saloon where all is life, and mirth,
I know my absence will be felt at home around the hearth.
Home is the axis of the soul, no matter where we roam,
And be our orbit great or small, the central point is home;
The heart might better never beat than never beat for home.

Our moving palace of the stream may hasten on her way,
May land us at the city's pier before the light of day;
And I shall haste to join the throng that press the crowded street,
And follow duty all day long with aching heart and feet.
Unheeded shall the moments pass until the day shall close,
And night shall bring to me, at last, a season of repose;
And when the shades of night obscure the city's spire, and dome,
My aching heart will yearn for loved and loving ones at home.
Home is the axis of the soul, no matter where we roam,
And be our orbit great or small, the central point is home;
The heart might better never beat than never beat for home.

Ho! sailors on life's stormy sea, who ship before the mast,
Home is the port from whence you clear, and, homeward bound, at last,
With filling sail before the gale you plough the ocean foam,
When ships you speak, the news you seek is latest news from home.

And when, life's stormy voyage o'er, we anchor in the bay,
Our bodies find a home, and habitation, in the clay.
For home, through life, we toil and strive, till called upon to die,
And when we pass the straits of death, we seek a home on high.
Home is the axis of the soul, no matter where we roam,
And be our orbit great or small, the central point is home;
The heart might better never beat than never beat for home.

LINES

To John F. Van Wagenen, Esq. (of New York), on the death of a devoted and affectionate Wife.

Time-honored hero of the field where Christian banners wave,
A faithful soldier, from your side, is mustered in the grave;
Her valiant soul is standing guard on Zion's distant height;
An angel band stands guard above her sleeping dust to-night.

The clarions of earthly strife shall greet her ears no more;
With her, the march and countermarch of life's campaign is o'er;
For her the muffled drum is beat, and words of comfort said,
But words of human sympathy can never reach the dead.

There is one sympathetic power, one penetrating voice,
Can pierce the portals of the tomb, and make the dead
rejoice;
And to that sympathetic power the living, too, should
learn
In hours of deep affliction for true sympathy to turn.

Yes! there is one true Physician to whom we can
appeal,
Who knows our human maladies, and hath the power
to heal.
'Tis only when we dare to doubt his sovereign power
to save,
That we, like *Peter*, sink beneath affliction's troubled
wave.

Though some may boast of faith, and strength, may
boundless courage claim,
Yet, human nature proves to be forever just the same;
For, when the dauntless powers of death, against our
ranks prevail,
Dismayed, disheartened, overcome, the strongest seem
to quail.

You stand beside the open grave lamenting for the
dead,
With your afflictions bearing down like mountains on
your head;

You know that sinking casket holds your dearest friend
on earth,
There's desolation in your heart, and all around your
hearth.

To you, how deep that grave appears, how heavy falls
the clay,
But heavier your sinking heart when forced to turn
away.
How difficult the journey home, how wearisome the
tread,
Each step another link between the living and the
dead.

Oh! who can feel that weight of woe, the heaviness of
life,
But those who have, and love, and lose a dear, con-
fiding wife.
Around the sorrow-stricken soul the waters of the past,
Like Red-sea waves, with angry roll, will gather thick
and fast.

For, while you view the happy past, and feel your
present loss,
You add new weight to your already agonizing cross;
The ebbing waves of time roll back from God's eternal
shore,
The faithful mirrored prototypes of what has gone
before.

Youth's warm embrace, and fervent kiss, that universal
greet,
That tropic plant of instant growth when trusting
lovers meet;
That love that gilds the path of life, and brightens at
its close,
Like gall and wormwood, at the cross, intensifies our
woes.

The stronger be the ties that bind the loving, heart to
heart,
The deeper sorrow will be felt when called upon to part;
The unison of loving hearts is all there is of life!
Earth knows no stronger unity than that of man and
wife!

As frosts that tinge the forest leaves with autumn's
golden hue,
And render nature's garbage still more pleasing to the
view;
So, sorrows are in kindness sent, by Him who rules
the skies,
To gild our never-dying souls with heaven's gorgeous
dyes!

Our sorrow-stricken, earth-bound souls, that struggle
in the clod,
When furthest from the things of earth, are nearest
unto God;

And always nearest when in dust and sackcloth we sit down,
For those who meekly bear the cross shall surely wear the crown.

If stationed on life's battle-field, where dangers threaten most,
Rejoice that God assigns to you that all-important post.
When striving hand to hand with death, let all, who can, be brave,
And always keep in view the cross of Him, who died to save.

That, when life's last campaign is o'er, our armies may disband,
And join the heavenly forces where a Saviour holds command;
Where we'll march to stirring music, with accoutrements complete,
The soldiers of a legion that shall never know defeat.

LINES

To the bereaved family of the late RICHARD E. VAN WAGENEN, (who died suddenly in New York, May 5, 1871), the following lines are respectfully inscribed by the author.

IT is sweet in the hours of affliction and loss,
When bowed down and depressed by the weight of the
cross;
To possess that bright treasure, an unshaken trust
In the infinite wisdom and powers of the just.

Though the turbulent waters of sorrow may roll
Their dark billows of anguish o'er body and soul,
By the anchor of hope shall the spirit find rest,
Still believing that God doeth all for the best.

Yet bright hopes will darken with saddest reflections
Of the sundering ties of our filial affections,
The strong arm of death shall our kindred hearts sever,
And those who have loved shall be parted forever.

And if parted forever there's cause for the tear,
That shall moisten the eye that is bent o'er the bier.

Dark indeed is the hour in which mortals shall grope
Through the chambers of death without one ray of hope.

'Tis the heavenly hope of reunion on high,
Soothes the heart's wildest pang, drives the tears from the eye.
Our firm faith in that God who is able to save,
Strips the terror from death, lifts the gloom from the grave.

Howe'er strong be our faith in a final salvation,
Still great is our grief at the sad separation;
Though we feel to acknowledge the justice of God,
Still the heart seems to sink 'neath his chastening rod.

'Tis "wine mingled with myrrh" for the mind to contrast
The disconsolate present with joys of the past;
And then as the gall and the wormwood of sorrow,
Consider the heart's desolation to-morrow.

Unannounced, uninvited, death enters your door,
Blighting all your fond hopes, giving cause to deplore;
You behold the inanimate body of clay,
And your last earthly solace seems taken away.

The parents, grief-stricken and cumbered with years,
At the death-bed seem heart-wrecked and sinking in tears;

Their sad hearts seem rebellious, when called to re-
sign
Their main comfort and prop for their years of decline.

A kind sister laments for the brother that's dead,
With fond memory reverts to the years that have fled,
To the innocent pleasures and pastimes of yore,
Which are still dimly seen on time's love-lighted shore.

The consort shall mourn for the husband departed,
With grief such as wrings the disconsolate hearted;
Still hoping that God will the spirit deliver
From perils in transit of death's gloomy river.

Lament not that he sleeps in his green curtained bed,
For the God of the living is God of the dead;
The Creator who fashioned our bodies of clay
Hath the power to give life and to take it away.

So abundant in goodness, so willing to save,
That His love-lighted presence is felt in the grave,
And the eyes of the dead never witness the gloom
Which the living by nature ascribe to the tomb.

Let the dew-drops of grief be dispelled from the eye,
'Tis the mandate of heaven that all men should die.
You have in your grief this consoling reflection,
Dark death is the prelude to bright resurrection.

Should the spirit despond that has God for a friend,
And the promise of bliss in that world without end?
Or should mortals who linger desire to reclaim
The glad soul which has gone to partake of the same?

Earth's pleasures, her pastimes, and her seasons of mirth,
Are all short of duration, are lowly of birth,
While the multiform troubles with which we are vexed
In this sorrowful world, are unknown in the next.

In the fulness of joy, in the sunlight of love,
The glad spirit shall dwell in the gardens above,
And the heart's sore afflictions which mortal must feel;
Are unfelt and unknown in "the land of the leal."

CLARK'S FACTORY, *Del. Co., N. Y., June* 14, 1871.

THE VANITY OF EARTHLY GLORY.

When we look back over the flight of five thousand eight hundred and seventy-one years, when the Spirit of God first moved upon the face of the waters, and behold the small island of Time just emerging from the bosom of the broad ocean of Eternity; when we see collective man, just from the hands of his Maker, stamping the first human foot-prints along its eastern shores—claiming the whole inheritance as his own—boasting of the wealth and magnitude of his possessions; with only time to take a brief survey of his terrestrial birthright previous to his embarkation from the port of Death, on its western border; when we behold inglorious finite man continually striving after the imperishable glories of *Infinity;* when we behold them forever aspiring to the gilded summit of human glory; when we see them successively falling from those giddy heights into the yawning gulf of *oblivion;* when we see the stately monuments erected to their memory, intended as the perpetual records of human

greatness; when we know that in a few centuries at the greatest these same perishable monuments will be mingled with the very dust they are intended to commemorate; when we realize that these narrow shores of Time are soon to be submerged in the boundless waters of Eternity; when we realize that these countless shining centuries of time are but as a meteor flash to the all-seeing eyes of the great Eternal, our minds are deeply impressed with the folly of human ambition, the vanity of earthly glory. When we look over earth's time-worn scroll of fame; when we survey the blurred and blotted names thereon inscribed; when we fully comprehend the severity of their many earthly labors, and know their final earthly reward, we are impressed with the firm conviction that the menial aspirant after earthly glory, constantly striving after the laurel-wreath of fame, is finally and amply rewarded with a crown of *thorns*, a death-bed of *anguish*, a final resting-place in the haunted halls of *oblivion!* And yet this insatiable longing after the bursting bubbles of human glory would seem to be the crowning attribute of fleeting, frail humanity. We see those same human attributes visibly displayed by our grand primogenitors in the beautiful garden of Eden, when they aspired to become as gods, knowing good and evil; that they gained the very summit of their aspirations, and tasted the bitter fruits of their labor, all succeeding generations have bitter cause to lament.

And while these new and elevating acquirements were attended with no real earthly blessings, they were succeeded by every earthly degradation, sorrow, infamy and woe.

Where now are the crystal fountains, the shady arbors, the sequestered retreats, the flowery lawns and sunny pleasure grounds of those ancient, once hallowed, but long lost precincts of Paradise, where our grand progenitors, in all their primeval felicity, once basked in the genial sunshine of God's favor?

In what direction shall we look for the undiscovered ruins of their ancient earthly tabernacles, the quiet shades of their final earthly repose, the towering monumental records of their ancient earthly celebrity? In what volume of antediluvian records shall we search for the blazoned legends of antediluvian glory? On what pages shall we find inscribed the names of their sages, their heroes and their conquerors? Where now are the maps of their victories? the monumental remains of their once proud cities? Swallowed up by the all-devouring elements, or buried deeply and forever beneath the melting hills of time!

Where now is that once famous ark of safety, chartered by the Most High God for the preservation of his favored children, riding forth in majesty upon the mighty waters of the *deluge?* While, with the eyes of imagination, we may behold her freighted and launched on that gloomy voyage, with no pilot but

the Pilot above, no chart but the chart of Heaven, and no friendly beacons save the beacon lights on high.

While with straining mental visions we behold her adrift on those boundless waters, and listen to the story of her successful entrance into that mountain harbor of safety, we look in vain for the lasting mementoes of her ancient earthly glory. Her name was long since stricken from the Marine list by the world's *High Admiral!* Her creaking, worm-eaten timbers have gone down beneath a still mightier deluge, and not a single decaying fragment shall ever be seen floating upon the turbulent surface waters that lave the wasting shores of *Time!*

Where now, on the plains of Shinar, may we hope to discover the remains of ancient Babel, the summit of whose tower it was intended should aspire to heaven?

Where now is the mighty Babylon, that queen city of antiquity; surrounded by her colossal walls, eighty-seven feet in thickness, three hundred and fifty feet in height, and sixty miles in circumference, surmounted by three hundred and twenty-eight towers; with her hundred gates of solid brass, her magnificent squares, her stately edifices, and her celebrated hanging gardens? She stood the wonder and admiration of the ancient world; she fell as falls the mighty. *Time* and the *elements*, with their effacing fingers, have obliterated every vestige of her former greatness; have buried the last lingering traces of her ancient earthly glory.

Where now is the once proud *Nineveh?* where is *Palmyra?* where is *Thebes* and *Memphis?* where is *Jericho* and *Baalbec*, and *Troy* and *Carthage?* As their names are successively shouted back over the distant shores of time, the hollow echo of the decaying and deserted mausoleum is their only answer.

Where and when may we hope to discover the magnificent ruins of *Sodom* and *Gomorrah?* when the receding waters of the *Dead Sea* give back the wasting treasures of her bosom!

From the time-worn records of classic antiquity we learn of the magnitude and grandeur of once proud *Rome;* but the modern pilgrimage to that Mecca of buried splendor discloses but few traces of *Rome's* primeval earthly glory. The *Goth* and *Vandal* hordes of *Time* have robbed her virgin bloom, and the accumulative soil of over twenty centuries lies cold above her finest works of Art.

The lordly *Roman* treads no more her stately streets with helm and shield: his vacant sepulchre lies buried 'neath her crumbling colonnades! But where is *Rome*, proud city of the seven hills, once mistress of the world? Where are her massive walls, impregnable to every foe but one? Where are her palaces, her courts, her temples, her altars, and her deities? Where are her warriors, her statesmen, her sages and her orators? Indiscriminately buried with the crumbling walls of

Rome, and deeply covered with the dust of fading Roman glory?

We may still discover her dilapidated *forum*, but her voice of eloquence is hushed forever. Although we still may find the vacant halls, where once the song and shout of revelry were heard, the silent chambers in the halls of death are not more drear than they.

We may still view the colossal remains of her famous *Amphitheatre*, but the famished lion no longer roars over the bleeding body of the dying Christian; the sands of the arena are no longer crimsoned with the expiring gladiator's gore. No shouting populace now shakes the edifice with their applause: their idle tongues have long been sealed in death.

Rome's greatest glory was *herself!* But what *was* Rome? and where *is* Rome? Rome was the very heart and seat of life for all the earth, and through her mighty arteries her power was spread o'er land and sea.

But whence was Roman glory?

Rome gloried in her maritime exploits; she gloried in the wisdom of her sages, the prowess of her warriors; she gloried in the magnificence of her temples, the purity of her altars, the highness of her deities, and the holiness of her pagan religion. Rome, in her winding-sheet of fading glory, in her last bed amongst her seven hills, now "sleeps the sleep that

knows no waking;" she has fought her last battle, and gained her last victory, but enjoys *not* the *honor* of a *triumph.*

And where is *Athens?*

In the meridian of her literary renown Athens was the glory of the whole civilized world, the very salt of the earth. No city or people, ancient or modern, has ever surpassed her in point of originality and the brilliancy of her literary acquirements.

In the spotless robes of purity, unsullied by her connections with the baser world without, she aspired to the gilded summits of immortal glory. By the bright pure waters of her *Helicon* her ancient muses quenched their thirst and plumed their wings for higher flights in more exalted spheres, while from her *Juno* breasts her favored children drew life-giving draughts of literary inspiration.

Athens at once became the nurse of poets, of sculptors, of metaphysicians, of sages, of lawgivers, of orators, and of heroes, and all succeeding ages have bowed to the transcendency of their genius.

But time rolls on. Her rich fountains of literature, whose clear waters were sought after by the numerous savans of antiquity, are dried forever; her withered paps no longer give suck to the famishing children of her bosom. The fame of her philosophy has slept for ages with the unremembered dust of the alchemist; the watchfires of her military renown are entirely extin-

guished, or burn but feebly above the ashes of her long-lost heroes.

Like the inimitable Demosthenes, the spirit of her oratory is lost forever. The poetic genius of her Homeric ages, like the great author of the *Iliads*, has soared to fairer realms in more congenial climes. We still may behold the remaining evidences of her superiority in statuary, but her genius of conception has long since slumbered with the dust of departed ages.

The once beautiful temple of *Minerva* lies crumbling at the base of the Acropolis; the just laws of a Solon are no longer expounded from the summit of MAR'S HILL; the brightest oracles of Athenian wisdom have long since perished in exile; the waning star of Athenian glory has gone down in darkness behind the frowning brows of God's *eternal hills!*

There is, perhaps, no other city on the face of the whole earth that awakens so many and such vivid recollections in the mind of the modern tourist as the ancient city of Jerusalem. Yet were it not for her many hallowed associations, successfully commemorated by the sacred historian, how little should we know of her former grandeur—how little might we hope to discover of her ancient earthly glory while strolling amongst the crumbling ruins of that venerable and eternal city.

Where now are the impregnable ramparts that once surrounded the magnificent city of King David; where

are her stately edifices, her splendid courts and royal palaces. Where now is the magnificent temple erected by King Solomon, which stood unrivalled in the grandeur of its design, and the richness of its workmanship, dazzling the whole earth with its unequalled splendor.

That proud city of David and Solomon, together with all her magnificence and splendor, six hundred years before the birth of Christ, was, by the Chaldeans, entirely destroyed; her very walls were razed to their foundation, thus removing every vestige of her former earthly glory.

Phœnix-like, she sprung again from her ashes; a new city was erected over the ruins of the old. Again she grew in grandeur and magnificence till every court and temple, every street and dwelling, together with her Eden-like suburbs were sanctified by the divinest associations of earth.

Again, seventy-two years after Christ, Jerusalem was besieged and taken by the Romans; the city and her temples were again reduced to unseemly heaps of shapeless ruins. The city was afterwards partially rebuilt by the Romans, but mostly on a different site, and it is the remains of the latter city which the modern tourist beholds in the crumbling ruins of the present.

All that was earthly of ancient Jerusalem, whatever of glory she had acquired from the hands of men, has long since passed away to return no more forever.

It is chiefly on account of her many divine associa-

tions that the weary pilgrim of the present day bows so reverently at the shrine of her long-lost glory.

And here, too, he may discover still greater evidences of the natural decline of all things, whether terrestrial or human. He may visit the sepulchres of her ancient prophets, but her voice of prophecy is hushed forever. He may wander among the crumbling ruins of her temple, but her altar fires have gone out in darkness; the bright clouds of her incense no longer ascend to heaven.

He may linger at the lowly tomb of a Lazarus, but a glorified Redeemer no longer stands at its open portals calling its lowly inhabitant from death unto life.

It matters not whether we direct our steps to the hallowed regions round about Jerusalem, or stand amidst the crumbling ruins of the *eternal city*. Whether we beheld the living witnesses of her former grandeur, or stand at the wasting sepulchre of her faded glory, our minds are equally inspired with awe! What classic memories cluster round those gray old walls! And yet, the glory of Jerusalem dwells only with the past!

The Saviour of sinners no longer stands bound in the palace of the high priest. The angry voices of his accusers are no longer heard in the judgment halls of Pilate. The butcherly edict of King Herod is no longer executed in Bethlehem of Judea. The impious hand of a Herod no longer sways the bloody sceptre over

Israel. The bleeding body of a Saviour is no longer stretched upon the bloody cross of Golgotha. The holy sepulchre has surrendered the sanctified body of a glorified *Redeemer.* His time-hallowed foot-prints have long since faded from the *Mount of Olives.* His lowly disciples no longer behold him walking upon the troubled waters of the sea of Galilee. The living witnesses of his many and wonderful miracles have long slept in the dark valley of shadows, and the divine remembrances of their former associations are the only monuments of their former glory that now remain.

History may be faithful in declaring to us of the glories of the past, but she can only perform these last solemn rites above the sleeping dust of departed glory!

Alas! how vain is all our striving after immortality; our longing after the vanities of earthly glory.

How poor is the reward; how fading is the wreath that decks the brow of earth's most haughty victor!

We may read of the once mighty Cæsar extending the terror of his eagles till nearly the whole eastern world was darkened by the shadows of their pinions. We may read of his glorious return and magnificent reception by the proud mistress of his devotion. We may also read of his finally receiving the assassin's dagger reeking with his own heart's blood, as the generous gift of his fellow-countrymen, as a fitting reward for his many patriotic military achievements; but we

look in vain for a single lasting earthly memento of Rome's most favored hero.

In what decaying sepulchre may we hope to discover the corruptible body of a Cæsar? Where now are the royal robes of purple that once adorned his person? Where are the civic and military laurels that once clustered round the brow of that illustrious and heroic Roman? Where are the trophies of his victories? the hoarded wealth of his plundered provinces?

Deeply buried in the dark tomb of oblivion, beyond the hope of an earthly resurrection!

We no longer behold the world renowned Alexander (conqueror of nearly the whole earth), weeping because there are no more worlds to conquer—long since vanquished on life's final battle-field by the world's grand adversary, compelled to surrender his insignia of command, and march an unwilling captive to the dark valley of death. The strong right arm of his power has been broken. The bright chaplets of his glory have long been faded. The fame of his conquests, like the mortal body of the conqueror, lives not with the present!

It is yet only three-quarters of a century since the great Napoleon first donned the military ermine of command, and grasping the imperial sceptre of France, strode forth to universal conquest and immortal glory!

All continental Europe shook as with an earthquake beneath the tread of his victorious armies! Empires

jostled! Crowns tumbled! The whole world, pallid with fear, stood aghast at the number and magnitude of his victories!

But this mighty conqueror had yet to contend with his most formidable adversary—his own *ambition!* The fatal day of *Waterloo* at last arrived, and he whose avarice empires could not satisfy, was compelled to accept of the island rock of *St. Helena* as his only dominion!

It was here that Death, the conqueror of all earthly conquerors, stilled forever the mighty turmoils of his bosom!

The hero of *Marengo*, of *Hohenlinden*, of *Ulm*, of Austerlitz, and of *Jena*, is gone forever!

And now at the end of half a century, as we look back over the dark and gory fields of his earthly strife, we behold not the light of his earthly glory!

The blue Rhine may still roll onward to mingle with the waters of the ocean, the frozen peaks of the Alps may still remain as the towering monuments of natural grandeur, but the "man of destiny" who once marshalled his warlike hosts on the banks of the one, or conducted the flower of French valor over the cloud-capped summits of the other, deserted by the Imperial Guard whose fidelity and prowess he once trusted, the hero of an hundred battles has withdrawn from the grand theatre of human action, the grim secretary of death has placed his name on the retired list with the heroes of antiquity; that name once inscribed in glow-

ing capitals is now nearly obliterated from the muster rolls of fame.

> Now unguarded he sleeps with the turf on his breast,
> And the wild dreams of glory disturb not his rest.

How strangely in contrast are the perishable glories of man to the imperishable and ever-glorious works of infinity! The flowers of Eden may still bloom in all their original beauty, the desert air may be still fragrant with their odors, but the man who once gloried in their celestial sweetness is gone forever.

The cloud-capped heights of Mount Sinai are still pointed out to the modern traveller as the endurable monument of her own imperishable glory, but the Hebrew lawgiver who once walked her flaming summit in communion with his God, has long since returned to the bosom of divinity! In an unremembered tomb in the deserted valley of Moab his wasting ashes now mingle with the dust of his mother earth.

We may wander by the historic and ever memorable waters of the Red Sea, but the official documents, the military records of the vain-glorious Pharaoh, must forever remain as the undiscovered secrets of her bosom.

The deep-rolling Jordan may still empty her classic waters into the unruffled bosom of the Dead Sea, but the unlettered Hebrews, who still dwell in her surrounding regions, are no longer comforted by the teachings of the meek and lowly John; their ears have long been deaf to the voice of one crying in the wilder-

ness, and the holy doctrines of the inspired apostles are at the present day without a single advocate among the God-forsaken nations that inhabit the desert regions of Palestine. And the more numerous, but less antiquated, nations of earth are gradually nearing that unceasing vortex of oblivion whose annual, swift-whirling circles, while increasing the already innumerable mortuaries of time, are fast obliterating the tinsel glories of earth.

We may read of the heroes, the sages and potentates of ancient Britain. In the sombre walls of Westminster Abbey their ashes have been garnered, but the glories of their many triumphant, earthly achievements have ascended like the mists of the morning, have drifted away into the boundless regions of eternity, where our mortal eyes shall behold them no more forever. The brave Caledonian, with his breast still swelling with patriotic emotions, may conduct us over the once gory fields of Culloden, of Bannockburn, and Flodden Field, but the soul-stirring slogan no longer summons the brave clansmen to their gory bed; their wasting ashes now mingle peacefully with the dust of the foe! He may point to the green Highlands as the birth-place of heroes, and, he may add, it has been their final resting-place as well.

The inevitable hand of death strikes the green laurels from the brow of the fallen—those bright chaplets, so dearly won, and so fondly worn, by the living

are worse than useless to the dead—and mankind in general, pay but a poor and unwilling homage to the memory of fallen greatness.

> How often it is, that the dust of the brave
> Has been spurned by the feet of the veriest slave!

A man may study and understand the impulses of his own heart, but he can not penetrate the designs of the Almighty; neither can he at all times discover the actuating impulses of his fellow-mortal, which renders him incapable of correctly bestowing even that short-lived reward of human praise which is his to give.

And thus it is that the more deserving of earth's lowly children are frequently less highly rewarded than they who have lived the very terror and curse of mankind. Especially was this the case with the primitive founders of the true Christian religion—and we refer to the lives of the martyred saints and the disciples of the meek and lowly Jesus for the proof of the assertion.

And what was the earthly reward of Him who went about healing the sick, raising the dead, feeding the hungry, and comforting the sorrowful—restoring sight to the blind, and hearing to the deaf? Rejected by the sinful world, whose very burdens he bore; spat upon and buffeted by the unfeeling rabble! Crowned with thorns, and nailed to the bloody cross of *Calvary!* where his expiring agonies were mocked and jeered by those he died to save.

But his was a heavenly calling, and his a heavenly glory!

When we calmly survey the fleeting vanities of earth, and comprehend the poverty of an earthly reward, we are impressed with the firm conviction that there is no imperishable glory but the glory of *God!* And no permanent reward but the reward of heaven!

HERE AND HEREAFTER.

[An essay read for church benefit at M. E. Church at Union Grove, Jan. 24th, 1879].

"Righteousness exalteth a nation: but sin is a reproach to any people." PROVERBS xiv. 34.

THIS divine declaration, made by King Solomon nearly three thousand years ago, is still drifting down the centuries, freighted with the same weight of meaning, and bearing the same magnitude of sentiment as when first uttered by the great lawgiver and ruler of Jerusalem, in the temple of the ever-living God. There was not in the days of King Solomon, nor has there been at any time since, proof wanting to substantiate the correctness and wisdom of the proverb: "Righteousness exalteth a nation: but sin is a reproach to any people."

And, as of nations, so of individuals. It was righteousness that exalted Abel in the sight of his Maker: it was the reproach of sin that rendered Cain a fugitive and a vagabond upon the face of the earth. It was righteousness that exalted Noah and his family, and led to their preservation in the Ark: it was the reproach of sin that brought on the deluge, and the

universal destruction that followed. It was righteousness that saved Lot and his family: it was the reproach of sin that proved the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, and also of Tyre and of Sidon. It was righteousness that exalted Jerusalem to the bright meridian of her glory: it was the subsequent reproachful sins of her rulers, and her people, that led to her total destruction, till there was not left one stone upon another. It was through righteousness that the Israelites were so many times the objects of divine favor, and were rescued from Egyptian bondage, and were guided by a pillar of cloud by day, and a pillar of fire by night, and were finally conducted through the dividing waters of the Red Sea in safety to a land of promise. It was the reproach of sin that called down the wrath of God upon the persecuting Egyptians; that afflicted them with so many plagues, and finally overwhelmed Pharaoh and his host in the midst of the returning waters.

There is not a chapter of history, either ancient or modern, but furnishes proof positive of the correctness of the proverb.

Look around you at the present day, in the broad sunlight of the nineteenth century, and you will find the more exalted nations of the earth abounding with churches, abounding with theological seminaries, with Christian associations, and other religious institutions of learning. But they suffer the reproach of sin also. So

did the ancients! So has every nation and people that has inhabited the face of the whole earth, since the light of day first broke over the verdant shores of time. And so must continue to suffer, more or less, till the voluminous annals of nations shall be all blotted out, and the last sun goes down on a sin-stricken earth! Ever since the visible foot-prints of the old Adversary were first traceable in the sands at the golden gates of the gardens of God, righteousness has had to strive single-handed against the combined powers of darkness, for the supremacy and right of dominion over this God-given heritage and temporal habitation of fallen man.

And if we look back still further beyond the visible shores of time, to that boundless eternity of the past, we behold the devil and his angels, marshalled on the bright plains of heaven, engaged in a relentless warfare with Michael and his angels, and claiming coequal right of sovereignty to the very throne of God. But righteousness triumphed in heaven, as it ultimately will upon earth.

The old Adversary, though driven with rout and defeat from the confines of heaven, has succeeded in making a bold stand upon earth, where, ever wily in procuring new levies to recuperate his constantly decimated ranks, he engages in an incessant warfare with the children of men; and will so continue till the God of all righteousness rises in his supreme majesty to

assert his dominion over the whole boundless domains of his universe.

Could you go to the gates of the once beautiful gardens of Paradise. The old Advocate, and defender, of sin has been there: the man has been driven out under the reproach of sin; in the garden where once grew fruit and flowers, under the baleful curse of man's transgression, only thorns and thistles now flourish; at the gates, cherubim and a flaming sword guard the way to the Tree of Life. If you go to the altar where Abel is offering the firstlings of his flock, a sacrifice to the Lord, sin is there also, and has entered into the heart of Cain, and has induced him to rise up against his brother and slay him. If you seek the children of Israel on the banks of the Red Sea, sin has entered their hearts, and filled them with murmurings and discontent. If you follow them through all their long journeyings in the wilderness, you will find that the spirit of all evil has constantly hovered around their camp, watching for every unguarded moment to take possession of their hearts, and you find the old Adversary in high transport at the foot of Mount Sinai, that he has brought them under the reproach of sin by turning them away from the God of their deliverance, and inducing them to bow down in idolatrous adoration and worship to the Golden Calf, as the only true God and deliverer of Israel.

He has followed all the weary earthly wanderings of

a Saviour, everywhere defeated, yet, everywhere renewing the contest with redoubled vigor, determined if possible to bring reproach and disgrace upon the cause of God. He first seeks the infant Saviour while yet in his swaddlings, in his lowly crib in Bethlehem of Judea, where, through Herod, he secretly meditates his destruction. He approaches him while faint, after forty days and nights of sorrow and fasting on the Mount, and offers him all the kingdoms of the earth, and the glory thereof, as a recompense for his allegiance and worship. He is with Him on the Mount of Olives, and alienates the heart of the misguided Judas, who betrays his Master. He enters into the hearts of the rabble who plead before Pilate for His condemnation and crucifixion. He stands at the foot of the cross and exultingly rejoices over the anticipated ascendency of sin, when this divine Deliverer and Advocate of heaven shall no longer be able to defend the cause of righteousness on earth. He enters into the hearts of the centurion guard at the sepulchre of Jesus, vainly hoping to prevent his final resurrection from the dead. He has followed the disciples of righteousness to all lands, and among all nations: he has cast them into prison; he has covered them with stripes; he has burned them at the stake; he has tortured them in every conceivable manner his fiendish ingenuity could invent. He is to-day combating the followers of righteousness with the same relentless rigor, as when, with

swords and staves, his fiends incarnate gathered around the gory cross on the summit of Calvary.

You and I may claim, may boast, of living in a land of civil and religious liberty. As a nation we may bask in the genial sunshine of all righteousness. The sound of the church-bell may reverberate over every hill, and through every valley! But those peaceful, soul-cheering echoes are everywhere stifled by the shrieks and wails of sin and misery! The besotted image of his Maker goes staggering through the streets, with oaths and curses falling in torrents from his slimy lips, bearing to the bosom of his suffering family sorrow, destitution, and degradation. Both night and day, our rum-shops, gambling-halls, and houses of infamy are filled to overflowing with the misguided of every nation, kindred, tongue, and people. Their gilded, fine-lettered signs are read afar off. They are the private drill rooms, the public recruiting offices for the armies of hell! Our alms-houses are full, our jails are full, our state's prisons are full, our houses of correction are all full! and still the awful work goes on! Can it be stopped? Who is to blame? At whose door shall the sin be laid? Remember the old adage:

> "'Tis education forms the common mind,
> Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined."

Shall we direct our censure against the bent twig for its crooked ways, while the hands that have bent

it are held blameless? Shall we punish the inebriate for quenching his thirst for intoxicating drinks, while the rumseller escapes censure? Shall we censure the rumseller, and not the officers of justice, who for a few paltry dollars of license-money permit him to hold, to the lips of his customers, this poisoned chalice, foaming with the filthy, deadly lees of hell?

Are you and I, are our legislators with their local-option bills, and their no-license laws; are all the reformers on the face of the whole earth combined, now able—will they ever be able—to strangle the young Hercules of sin in his cradle, and so drive, at once and forever, this blighting curse from our otherwise God-favored land? No! While the sun continues to illuminate the heavens, while the earth yields her fruit and the sea rolls her waves, Sin will be rampant, Intemperance will live, Pauperism will exist, Crime and Misery will continue to thrive and bear fruit!

But can we do nothing to stay this fearful ravage of sin and crime? Yes! There is every thing to be done? But where shall the good work begin?

Here, in this church! here in your hearts and in mine! at every man's fireside, around every man's hearthstone!

While the tree of righteousness continues to tower above our heads, let us continue to assemble beneath its stately branches! let us endeavor to destroy the repulsive worms of sin and corruption that are every-

where gnawing at its roots, boring into its trunk, or feasting on its branches. Let those who have realized its benign effects on the human heart exert every influence to induce others to partake of its blessing; for, in this world, *influence* is every thing! and one man's character is but the reflection of some other man's character, or of a multitude of other men's characters, it may be.

The pure crystal fountains that bubble up out of the green mountain's side are tasteless and colorless; but as they wend their way through marsh and swamp, and absorb the rottenness of decaying vegetation, and are still further contaminated by the cess-pools that flow from the habitations of men, when they unite to form the deep green waters of our rivers, their purity is gone, their color is but the reflection of the green hills they pass between. The river rolls on and empties into the waters of the ocean, and now they are blue, away from all land, they can only reflect the deep blue of the sky overhead. There is no better illustration of the human character. We are all creatures of imitation; our coloring of character is but the reflection of our surroundings. Had you and I been born and bred on a pirate's ship, we might have been the bloodiest monsters that ever trod a pirate deck, or cut a fellow-mortal's throat!

When the farmer clears new land, if he sows good seed, a harvest of good grain will reward his labor.

If he sows not, briars, and thistles, and mullens, and fire-weeds, and all other noxious weeds will spring up and flourish, and rankle, and ripen, and shed their seeds to increase and perpetuate their annual growth. And so it is with the human mind. The infant mind is the rich virgin soil, it is humanity's vacant lot. And unless it is cultivated and sown with good seed, it must fill up with all that is bad.

Christian parents, your own lives may have been virtuous and upright; but, if your children are beguiled into the paths of sin and crime, at whose door shall the sin be laid? Mostly at your own! In their infancy God entrusted them to your keeping, and you will have to give an account of your stewardship! Christian parents, you hold in your hands the destiny of all succeeding generations! You are called upon, by your Creator, to fill the highest office ever assigned to civilized man! You have entrusted to your care all the innocence of youth, which you are to mould and shape into manhood! It is yours to lay the chief corner-stone in the foundation of that grandest of structures—the human character!

"Knowledge is power." Education and religious training are the cohesive elements that hold society together. They are the attractive forces that sustain and keep the world in motion.

Man without education is nothing but a human skeleton; a mere wreck drifting along the rock-bound

shores of Time; and if this miserable wreck of humanity be engulfed in a rough sea of crime, I do believe, dear parents, that God will consider you accessories of such crime. He has given them to you in infancy. It is yours to fit and launch them upon the rough ocean of life; it is yours to give them an ample supply from the rich store-house of the mind, lest they grow faint in the hour of peril, and, for want of mental strength, yield to the flattering voice of temptation; and, in yielding, sacrifice a life which God intended should be a life of usefulness, a preparation for eternity!

"If you bring up a child in the way he should go, when he is old he will not depart from it." When the bent twig has become a crooked tree it can not be straightened. Judicious pruning may do much to improve its looks, but the old crooks will still remain. So, when the man has passed the meridian of life, with all his crooked ways, and full of all the evil his body can hold, it will be found difficult to make an upright man of him. Reformation will do much to improve him, but the old nature is hard to change.

You may not be able to bring the present generation up to the highest standard of human excellence, but you can do much for its improvement. Every step taken, every measure advocated, every vote cast, should be on the side of human improvement and human reform. If you can not drive evil entirely from

our land, you can do much to narrow its limits, and prevent its spread. You can do much for the present, you can do much more for the future! Begin now! and never stop while your arm is able to strike, or you have a voice to lift in defence of the right! Let your influence be felt everywhere, but above all let it be felt by your own fireside! If the light of divine truth is radiant in your heart, let it illuminate your whole countenance! Make your own home pleasant and attractive! and not compel your children to seek elsewhere for the pleasures and enjoyments of life. And bear in mind how important it is to fill the youthful mind with good thoughts; for, in youth, every thought, good or bad, leaves its impression on the mind! And old age can never forget its youth!

Our domestic education should never be slighted; few can receive the honors of a college, but all are graduates of the fireside! The learning of the university may fade from the recollection! its classic lore may moulder in the halls of memory! but the early lessons of home, engraved upon the hearts of youth, will defy the rust of time.

Yet, with all our domestic education—with all our moral training, with all our advocated reforms, with all our professions of religion, with all our self-righteousness, we are but poor, erring, sinful mortals at the best!

We often hear individuals murmur that *we* should

have to suffer for *Adam's* transgression. Must we suffer for *Adam's* transgression, or for *our own* transgression? O, would to God that Adam's transgression were all the sin that we erring, rebellious mortals would ever have to answer for!

God made known to Adam the consequences of transgression: "The day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die!" The devil came strolling into the garden soon after and said: "Thou shalt *not* surely die!" Adam and Eve were like a great many men we have nowadays,—the last man that 'lectioneers them is sure of their support,—they transgressed and fell! Adam, without realizing the magnitude of that death-penalty, transgressed but one commandment; while we, his posterity, fully realizing the enormity of the crime, and magnitude of the penalty, have transgressed every commandment! We have done it in defiance of heaven, and regardless of hell!

God has said: "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." We have worshipped every thing under heaven, but the one true and ever-living God!

God has said: "Thou shalt not steal!" We have plundered whole provinces, and after wandering over the whole earth and stealing about every thing we can lay our hands on, we have stolen the very livery of heaven to serve the devil!

And God has said: "Thou shalt not kill!" Were man to obey this command, his chief delight, his most

enjoyable occupation would be gone. It is true, some of us claim to depreciate and discountenance individual murder; but we all glory in a sort of wholesale slaughter and devastation. From the days of Cain, the first-born son of Adam, down to the present time, the history of the world presents but one horrid scene of war, rapine, and bloodshed! It has been fairly estimated that over sixteen billions of human beings have been destroyed by the ravages of war since the commencement of the world, which is more than eighteen times the present population of the whole earth.

Poor old Adam's single transgression sinks into insignificance when held up by the side of ours.

Our earthly paradise, we have converted into a perfect pandemonium! It is customary to talk of the earth as a sort of intermediate station between heaven above, and hell below. We need not inquire where hell is. You and I have lived on its turbulent confines ever since the hour of our birth. But, where is heaven? It is where God is. Then where is God? God is everywhere. God is an omnipresent being: his presence is not confined to one planet, or to any number of planets: the earth, the sun, moon, and stars, the whole planetary system, with the whole boundless realms of space, must acknowledge his presence. And as God's kingdom is boundless, so heaven must be boundless!

Man's circumscribed idea of heaven, is, that it is a

home in the skies. What is the sky? It is nothing but the atmosphere that surrounds the earth. Where does it begin? Down at our feet, by the earth, and heaven should begin there too! Then heaven may be above us, beneath us, and all around us, and so it is! The good man carries much of heaven in his own heart; and the bad man has all the elements of hell in his. The earth might be all heaven, but for one thing, and that one thing is the old devil that is in us!

What is *time?* and what is eternity? Time is the moment snatched from the eternity before us, and cast into the eternity of the past; while eternity itself, is all made up of time. The words I have just uttered are with the eternity of the past, and can never be recalled. Alas! how few there are, who fully realize the narrowness of time. And, of what use is time? Time was given us that we might prepare ourselves for eternity? And how do we prepare ourselves for eternity? We cut down the primitive forest; we build new cities; we add numberless acres to our earthly possessions; we lie, cheat, steal, and murder, to fill our coffers with that gold that perishes. Give man a thousand years of time in which to prepare for eternity, and he would spend every moment of it in intrenching and fortifying his position as a permanent resident of time!

The magnitude and weight of our sinful burdens can never be realized, except when convicted, and peni-

tent, we stand at the foot of the cross. The regenerated will realize it here; the unregenerated must realize it at the judgment bar of God, in the great hereafter.

Death will rob us of every possession but one, and that is the possession of eternal life. Let us all strive to gain *that* possession!

Citizens of this place, it is to your credit that you have two well-built, well-attended churches, and not a rumshop in the place.

Gray-haired sires, in erecting this church edifice, you have designed to leave a worthy legacy to your children. Here at this altar God's Word will be read, his sacred truths declared, marriage rites will be solemnized, and funeral discourses delivered, long after you and I shall be sleeping beneath the cold clods of the valley!

May the worshippers in this house, may the worshippers in all God's earthly tabernacles, be found worthy to worship, hereafter, in God's heavenly house of many mansions.

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